THE Shadow STRIKES!
1
US $3.50
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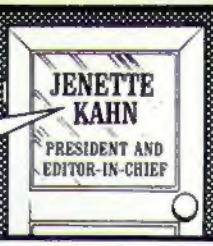
1989
ANNUAL
1989
AN ALL NEW ADVENTURE BY
GERARD JONES
AND
DAN SPIEGLE
PLUS:
"THE SECRET LIFE OF MARGO LANE" BY
GERARD JONES
AND
LUKE McDONNELL
SPECIAL FEATURE:
"THE SHADOW IN HOLLYWOOD" BY
ANTHONY TOLLIN
HOLLY OODLAND

DON'T CALL ME Chief!



Shortly after DC went into business over fifty years ago, then owners Jack Leibowitz and Harry Donenfeld had a friend named Carroll Rheinstrom. Carroll was a big man, imposingly tall and broad-shouldered. Although he was young, he had already made a major success for himself in publishing. Now, semi-retired but still young, he was leading the life of a *bon vivant*, traveling around the world with his warm-hearted, energetic, and vivacious wife.

"Carroll," Jack and Harry said one day, "as long as you're globe-trotting, why don't you agent our comics? We'll give you the exclusive right to represent us abroad. What do you say?"

Eventually, of course, Jack and Harry made Carroll an offer he couldn't refuse. Wining and dining each major publisher around the world, Carroll became the first foreign ambassador for DC Comics.

Carroll's contract had a beginning but no end. He was firmly in place when I came to DC in 1976, and he was still doing business in the manner he had found so effective for so many years. Carroll would search for one single publisher to represent DC exclusively in a particular country. That publisher became known as the DC publisher and was prohibited from handling any other American comic book company, most particularly Marvel. Marvel, by the same token, had its own exclusive foreign publishers. The world of comic book foreign rights was divided in two. It was a simpler time in the comic book field, both here and abroad.

Of course, no one could be more aware than you, our readers, of the extensive changes in comics during the past six years. We began to publish at different price points in a variety of formats with a wide range of artistic effects and verbal story-telling. The diversity in the content of the comics gave rise to an equal diversity in marketing techniques, advertising, and avenues of distribution. The direct market was growing stronger than the newsstand market. It was time to look at international rights with a fresh eye.

In 1982, we bought out Carroll Rheinstrom's contract and Paul Levitz interviewed candidates for the job for several rounds. Then he brought the best people in to see me for a final cut. By February, 1983, we had hired Chantal d'Aulnis to join us on staff at DC.

Although she was only 30, I was struck by how poised and professional Chantal seemed. Even in a chair, she held herself like a dancer, which contributed to her air of self-possession. But I was struck most of all by the number of languages she spoke.

When I commented on it recently to Chantal, she explained: "I came from Holland and grew up speaking Dutch. I also learned French, English, German, Latin and Greek at school. Anybody who came from my background and didn't at least *speak* four languages was considered a barbarian."

Chantal was not a comic book reader when she interviewed for the job, but she vowed she would read them all if she were hired. And she has done just that. When Chantal goes out to sell our comic books, she speaks with the intensity and knowledge of a fan. This is a key asset, because the foreign market has changed utterly since the days of Carroll Rheinstrom.

"When I came on board six years ago," says Chantal, "the foreign business went only through the newsstands. There was no direct market abroad and no bookstores accepted our type of comics. What's encouraging is that ten years after the American direct market, there is now a direct market—although still very small—in Europe. Meanwhile, our foreign newsstand business for some time had all but fallen apart. But for the first time, American comics that for so long were considered trashy material for kids were being thought of as an intellectual competitor to European comics."

Chantal points out that the only foreign country in the world to have a super-hero craze is ours. Most of our foreign sales used to be character-driven (Superman, of course, outselling everyone else) and, according to Chantal, "the character-driven element still hasn't disappeared, but there is a growing awareness of the talent behind the books."

And what are some of Chantal's strategies? "As a matter of choice and hard work," Chantal explains to me, "we have built strong relationships with several publishers in each country. At each publishing house, I try to become close not just with the editors and production managers, but also with the marketing staff, the public relations people, the legal people, etc., so we can shepherd a book all the way through. The days of the foreign monolithic DC publisher are gone."

When Chantal speaks often, as she does, of "we," she is talking about her extraordinary aide-de-camp, Manager of International Rights Phyllis Hume. No matter what time I come in to DC in the morning, Phyllis is already there. Yet if I leave at 8:00 at night, she's still at it, keeping up our daily contract with over a hundred publishing personnel around the world. Phyllis smokes, so I seldom enter her office, but we both love cats and I linger in her doorway long enough to exchange some current feline facts.

Chantal and Phyllis make sure that their most important publishers are aware not just of inventory (comics from our archives including atypical titles such as BINKY), but of all new releases and important new creative teams. "With very few exceptions," Chantal declares, "there's something going on for DC in almost every country in the world." Chantal estimates that we're distributed in some 25 different languages in over 50 countries world-wide. Recent best-sellers include CAMELOT 3000, WATCHMEN, DARK KNIGHT, CINDER AND ASHE, and KILLING JOKE.

Chantal travels about three months of the year and together she and Phyllis attend the famous Bologna and Frankfurt book fairs to help spread the word. Back here in the States, Phyllis, along with DC's Manager of Reproduction Inventory Milton Snapinn and his Assistant Manager Jeanette Winley, take over to keep our clients supplied with copies and with the printing materials each one requires. Of all the 90+ people on DC's staff, no one has been here longer than Milton. He's been in the International Rights Department for over 40 years, and can trace our publishing history and changing marketplace world-wide. We value people like Milton, not just for the loyal and solid work they do but also because no one else has the stories they remember about our earliest beginnings.

It's always a pleasure to stop by Chantal's office. Like Phyllis, she smokes, so usually I stop at the doorway. But a step inside her office is always rewarding. The shelves are lined with brightly-colored covers of dozens of DC books. Closer inspection reveals that each of the comics is in a foreign language. Chantal has been doing her job.

—Jenette

DC LIST

THIS WEEK

SUPERMAN ARCHIVES 1
The first four issues of SUPERMAN represented in their entirety, in a permanent hardcover collection with a new introduction by Steranko. ■▶

THE SHADOW STRIKES ANNUAL 1
Hollywood, 1935: Lamont and Margo are drawn into a murder and the usual mayhem surrounding Tinseltown. ◆▶

CHRISTMAS WITH THE SUPER-HEROES SPECIAL 2
This year celebrate with Superman, Flash and Green Lantern, Deadman, Enemy Ace, Batman, and Wonder Woman in all-new stories. ●

NEW TITANS 61
You *can* go home again: Batman and Nightwing . . . together again for the first time. ◆▶

SECRET ORIGINS 46
The all-Headquarters issue featuring the JLA, Titans Tower, and the Legion Clubhouse. ●

DRAGONLANCE 14
Convinced that Raistlin the Black-Robed Wizard is responsible for the demonic doings, Myrella is determined to win a *white* robe. ■▶

EL DIABLO 4
A brutal series of child murders ignites racial tensions in Dos Rios, ripping the city apart. ■▶

FORGOTTEN REALMS
What do dragons eat? Anything they want! The people of the Dales are terrorized by an inordinate number of dragons darkening the skies. ■▶

HELLBLAZER 25
A dead homeless man is wandering around London . . . but Constantine has his own problems. By Neil Gaiman and Dean Motter. ■▶▲

STAR TREK 3
Kirk's peace plan for Chronian III draws criticism from the Federation and fire from the Klingons. ■▶

DETECTIVE COMICS 609
The Batman learns the identity of Anarky . . . but he's unable to stop Anarky's campaign to destroy Gotham City. ●

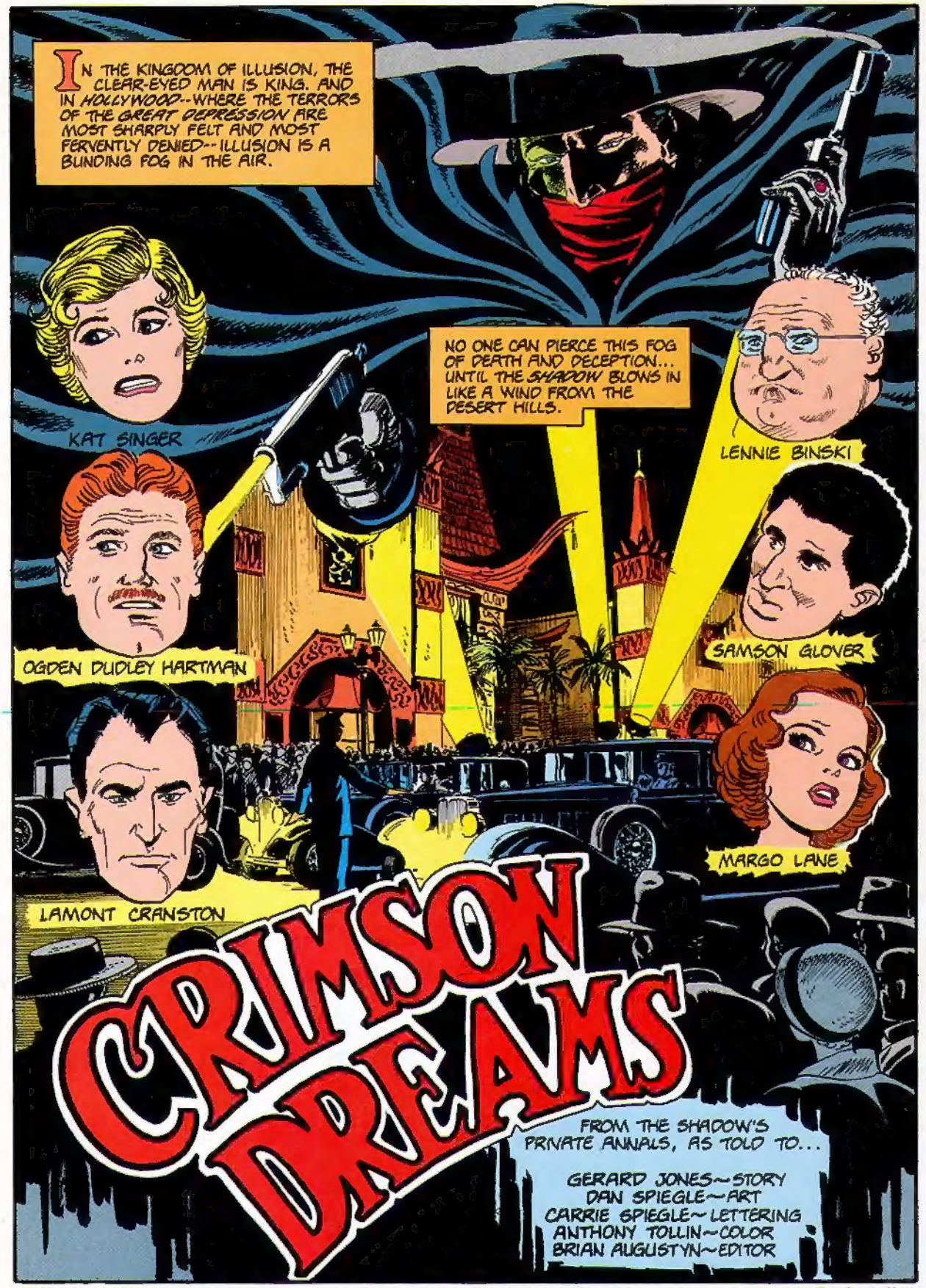
HAWK & DOVE 7
Hawk, Dove, and Barter face the ancient menace of Count St. Germain and his legion of gargoyles. ●

MISTER MIRACLE 11
What's in that little box that's been moving around in Scott's Fixit Shop? It's an old foe of MM's . . . the head of a worldwide racket! ●

SUPERMAN 38
Jimmy Olsen has vanished. Is there a connection to the Man of Steel's return to Metropolis? ●

LEGEND

● Standard Format
■ New Format
◆ Deluxe Format
▶ Available at Select Outlets
★ Prestige Format
□ Graphic Novel
◫ Collected Edition
▲ Suggested for Mature Readers


IN THE KINGDOM OF ILLUSION, THE CLEAR-EYED MAN IS KING. AND IN HOLLYWOOD--WHERE THE TERRORS OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION ARE MOST SHARPLY FELT AND MOST FERVENTLY DENIED--ILLUSION IS A BLINDING FOG IN THE AIR.
NO ONE CAN PIERCE THIS FOG OF DEATH AND DECEPTION... UNTIL THE SHADOW BLOWS IN LIKE A WIND FROM THE DESERT HILLS.
KAT SINGER
LENNIE BINSKI
OGDEN DUDLEY HARTMAN
SAMSON GLOVER
LAMONT CRANSTON
MARGO LANE
CRIMSON DREAMS
FROM THE SHADOW'S PRIVATE ANNALS, AS TOLD TO...
GERARD JONES~STORY
DAN SPIEGLE~ART
CARRIE SPIEGLE~LETTERING
ANTHONY TOLLIN~COLOR
BRIAN AUGUSTYN~EDITOR

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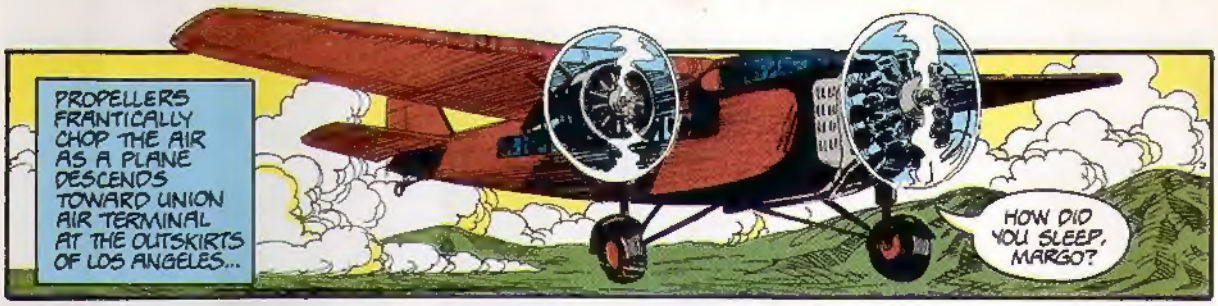
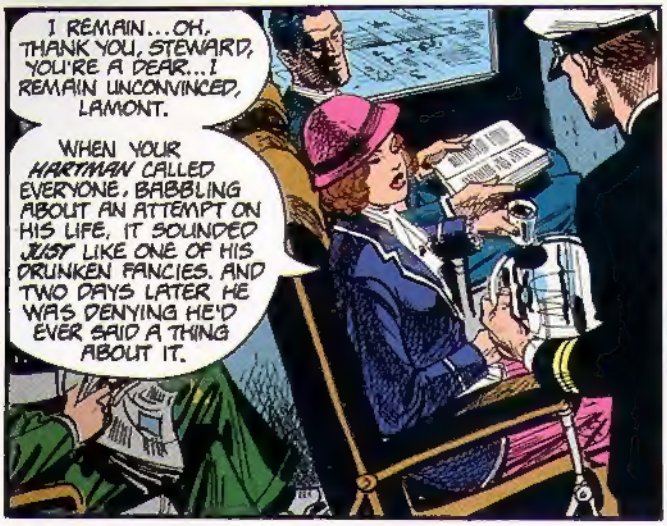
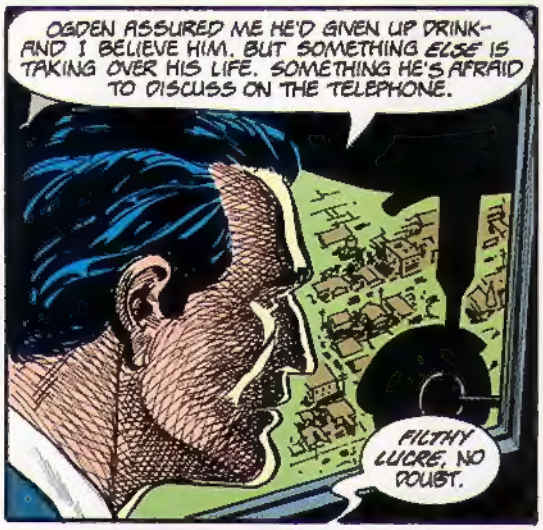
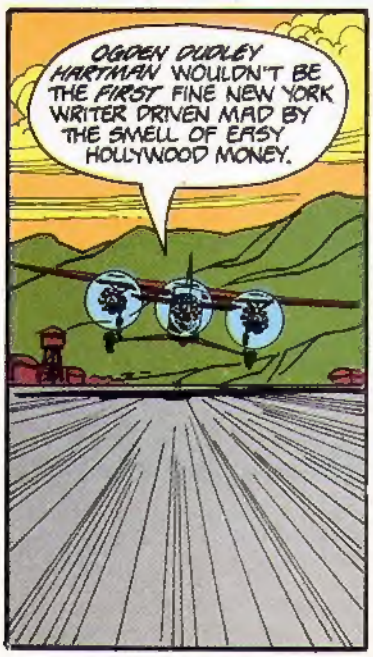
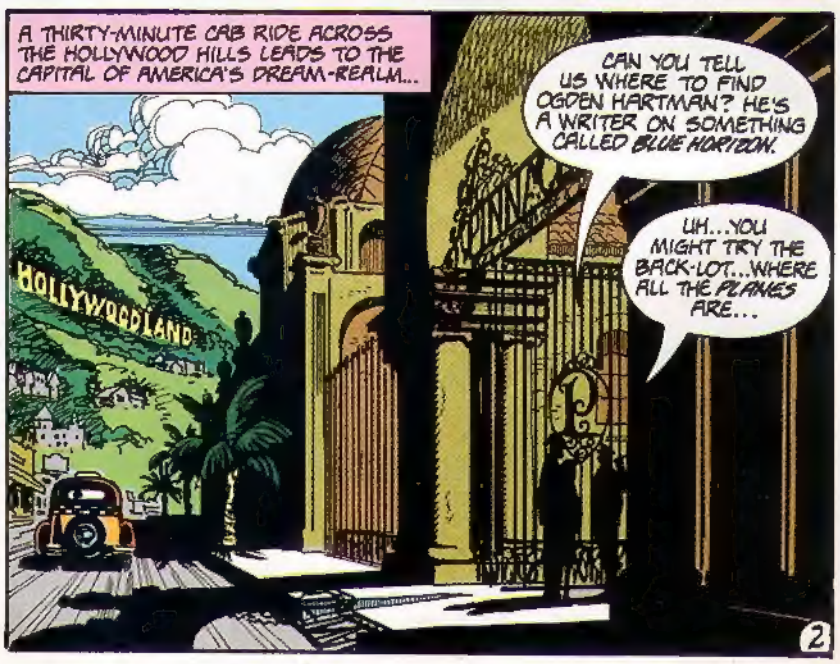

PROPELLERS FRANTICALLY CHOP THE AIR AS A PLANE DESCENDS TOWARD UNION AIR TERMINAL AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES...
HOW DID YOU SLEEP, MARGO?

HORRIBLY, LAMONT. REALLY, UNLESS THE AIRLINES LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SLEEPING COMPARTMENT AND A GLOVE COMPARTMENT, OUR NATION'S RAILROADS HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.
I WISH I COULD HAVE INDULGED YOU WITH A TRAIN RIDE, MARGO ...BUT A DAY'S DELAY MIGHT COST A MAN HIS LIFE.


I REMAIN...OH, THANK YOU, STEWARD, YOU'RE A DEAR...I REMAIN UNCONVINCED, LAMONT.
WHEN YOUR HARTMAN CALLED EVERYONE, BABBLING ABOUT AN ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE, IT SOUNDED JUST LIKE ONE OF HIS DRUNKEN FANCIES. AND TWO DAYS LATER HE WAS DENYING HE'D EVER SAID A THING ABOUT IT.


OGDEN ASSURED ME HE'D GIVEN UP DRINK- AND I BELIEVE HIM. BUT SOMETHING ELSE IS TAKING OVER HIS LIFE. SOMETHING HE'S AFRAID TO DISCUSS ON THE TELEPHONE.
FILTHY LUCRE, NO DOUBT.


OGDEN DUDLEY HARTMAN WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST FINE NEW YORK WRITER DRIVEN MAD BY THE SMELL OF EASY HOLLYWOOD MONEY.


A THIRTY-MINUTE CAB RIDE ACROSS THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS LEADS TO THE CAPITAL OF AMERICA'S DREAM-REALM...
HOLLYWOODLAND
CAN YOU TELL US WHERE TO FIND OGDEN HARTMAN? HE'S A WRITER ON SOMETHING CALLED BLUE HORIZON.
UH...YOU MIGHT TRY THE BACK-LOT...WHERE ALL THE PLANES ARE...

REALLY, LAMONT, A FORGED STUDIO PASS? WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN SIMPLER--AND MORE CIVILIZED--TO GO TO OUR ROOMS, WASH UP, AND THEN CALL ON HARTMAN IN THE--
ANSWER YOUR OWN QUESTION, MARGO.
YOU KNOW THAT IF OGDEN--OR HIS ASSAILANTS--ARE INTENT ON KEEPING SECRETS, WE'LL BE BEST SERVED BY THE ELEMENT OF...
"...SURPRISE."
OGDEN?
DIRECTOR
SCRIPT
WHAT... OH! LAMONT, WHY...
OH, THANK GOD YOU'VE COME!
I MEAN...IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU! WHAT...WHATEVER BRINGS YOU OUT HERE?
JUST NEEDED A BIT OF AIR, MANHATTAN IN THE SUMMER, YOU KNOW.
YES, YES. PITY WE'VE GOT THOSE WINDS NOW...SANTA ANAS, THEY CALL THEM...BLOW IN FROM THE DESERT...YOU CAN SEE THEY MAKE ME PERSPIRE.
THEY MAKE YOUR HANDS TREMBLE TOO, IT SEEMS.
3

FORGIVE ME, OGDEN, THIS IS MY COMPANION, MISS MARGO LANE. MARGO, THIS IS...
I KNOW. MR. HARTMAN, I'VE ADMIRED YOUR BROADWAY WORK FOR YEARS.
AH, A WOMAN OF DISCRIMINATION. I NOTICE YOU DON'T COMMENT ON MY...UH...CURRENT EMPLOYER.
MOTION PICTURES AREN'T TO MY TASTE, I'M AFRAID. BUT I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE BEEN A SMASHING SUCCESS.
IN TERMS OF BOX-OFFICE, YES. WHICH, ALAS, ARE THE ONLY TERMS THESE PEOPLE KNOW.
HOPES ARE VERY HIGH FOR MY CURRENT DRAMATIC MASTERWORK, TOO. THE TALE OF A HEROIC PILOT'S EFFORTS TO MAKE POSSIBLE TRANS-PACIFIC AIR TRAVEL...
AND OF COURSE THERE'S HIS SUAVE BUT CALCULATING PARTNER, AND THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO COMES BETWEEN--
OGGIE, MY BOY! WHO'RE THE FRIENDS? INTRODUCE ME! INTRODUCE ME!
LAMONT CRANSTON...THIS IS SAMSON GLOVER, THE PRODUCER OF OUR MAGNUM OPUS.
"LAMONT CRANSTON!" WHAT A NAME FOR A SCREEN CREDIT! I CAN SEE IT NOW!
DON'T BREAK MY HEART, LAMONT--TELL ME YOU'RE ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BROADWAY SHARPIES I CAN TURN INTO A REAL WRITER!
I'M AFRAID I'VE NEVER WRITTEN ANYTHING BUT PRIVATE JOURNALS, MR. GLOVER.
WELL, IT'S YOUR LOSS! JUST ASK OGGIE HERE! TELL 'EM HOW I MADE A GIANT OUT OF YOU, OGGIE.
SOME WERE CALLING ME A GIANT ON BROADWAY WHILE YOU WERE STILL DELIVERING TELEGRAMS.
HA-HA! YOU FRESH S.O.B.! I LOVE YOU!
A BROADWAY GIANT! PEH! LIKE HAVING THE BEST BATTING AVERAGE IN THE MINOR LEAGUES! WHO WAS IT WHO HUSTLED YOU YOUR FIRST PINNACLE JOB?
4

AND WHOSE SCRIPT WAS IT THAT MADE YOU THE GOLDEN BOY OF PINNACLE PRODUCERS?
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I MUST BE GETTING OLD! HERE I AM, FACE TO FACE WITH A BEAUTIFUL MOVIE STAR AND I CAN'T EVEN THINK OF HER NAME!
I'M... I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MISTAKEN, MR. GLOVER. MY NAME IS MARGO LANE. I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A MOVING PICTURE... ACTUALLY I NEVER CONSIDERED IT...
WELL, ANYTIME YOU WANT TO MAKE A SCREEN TEST, DOLL, YOU JUST ASK FOR SAMSON GLOVER! THEY SAY NOBODY KNOWS THE AMERICAN PUBLIC LIKE "THE LITTLE SAMSON," AND ONE THING I KNOW IS...YOU... GOT... IT!
WELL, I GOT A COUPLA OVER-BUDGET PICTURES TO RESCUE! DON'T BE STRANGERS!
AND I'D HEARD THAT CALIFORNIA DIDN'T HAVE TORNADOES.
ASTONISHING CREATURE. COMPLETELY SELF-CREATED. I'D LAY ODDS THAT WITHIN A YEAR HE'LL EITHER BE RUNNING THE ENTIRE MOVIE BUSINESS...
...OR BE LYNCHED IN FRONT OF GRAUMANN'S CHINESE.
OGDEN... I'D LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU.
NOT HERE. OVER DINNER AND DRINKS, WHERE I CAN TRY TO RELAX.
THERE'S A MARVELOUS PLACE ON WILSHIRE. SIMPLY A MASTERPIECE OF CALIFORNIA VULGARITY...
"...THEY'VE MADE THE WHOLE THING UP TO LOOK LIKE A BLOODY HAT!"
OH, I'VE HEARD OF THIS PLACE...
The Brown Derby
5

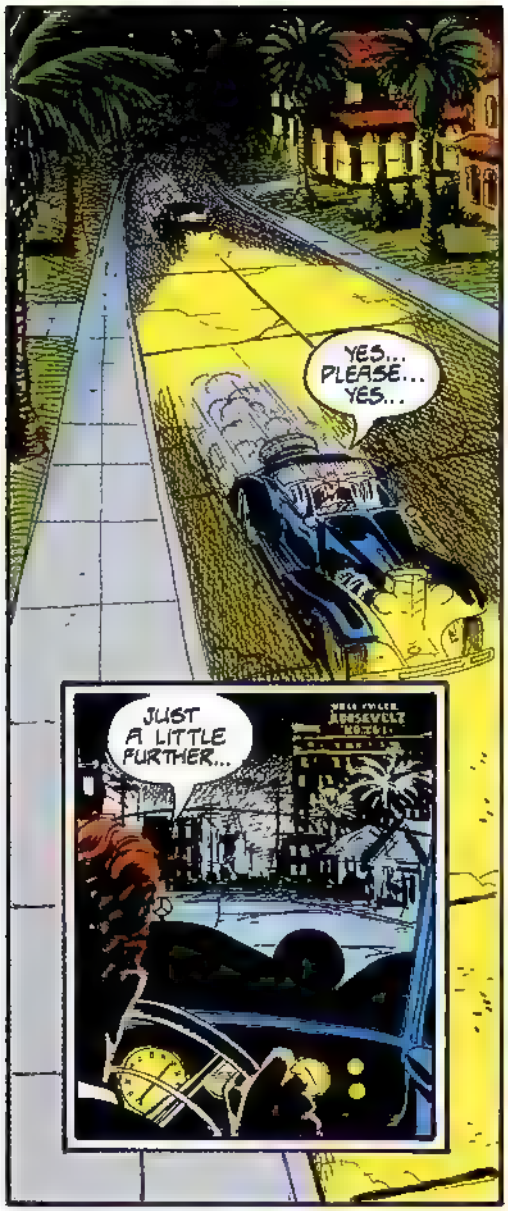
...I NEVER DREAMED THAT A CRUEL FATE WOULD HAVE ME WALKING THROUGH IT.
LOOK TORMENTED, EVERYONE. THERE'S A DRAMATIST IN THE ROOM.
EVENING, JULIUS.
WAS THAT--? THAT WAS! GROUCHO MARX! YOU KNOW GROUCHO MARX?
AH, YES. THE MOTION PICTURES ARE NOT TO THE LADY'S TASTE.
WELL, OF COURSE, I HAVE SEEN SOME OF THEM.
EVERYONE HAS. SOMETHING YOU CAN'T SAY FOR THE LEGITIMATE THEATRE. WHICH, I SUPPOSE, IS WHY THEY PAY ME $1500 A WEEK HERE.
IS IT THAT MUCH?
MM. AND OUR FRIEND SAMSON SAYS THAT IF BLUE HORIZON IS THE SMASH THEY EXPECT IT TO BE, I'LL MOVE INTO THAT RAREFIED REALM OF THE "$2500-A-WEEKERS."
CAN YOU PICTURE IT? TEN THOUSAND A MONTH TO SPIN COTTON CANDY WHILE MILLIONS OF MEN ARE JOBLESS, FAMILIES ARE UPROOTED-
I DON'T RECALL YOUR BEING SO SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE IN YOUR BROADWAY DAYS, OGDEN.
TIMES ARE DIFFERENT, LAMONT. I'M DIFFERENT.
I'LL HAVE JUST A HAMBURGER, PLEASE. WITH A GINGER ALE.
YOU SEE? I'M A CHANGED MAN. A RECONSTRUCTED MAN. I'VE FOUND...FOUND A NEW PURPOSE IN LIFE.
WHICH MAKES WHAT HAPPENED ALL THE MORE IRONIC. OH, YES, LAMONT, I KNOW YOU DIDN'T COME HERE FOR THE WEATHER.
YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS LIKE IN NEW YORK. I RAN UP QUITE A DEBT WITH GAMBLERS AND BOOTLEGGERS...
6

I'VE BEEN PAYING THEM OFF ON *THEIR* TERMS. BUT NOW I'VE WRITTEN TWO HIT PICTURES, AND THEY WANT *MORE*. AT LEAST I *THINK* SO...
BUT THEY HAVEN'T *TOLD* ME WHAT THEY WANT. THEY SHOT AT ME FROM A CAR, THEN SENT ME A MESSAGE THAT I WASN'T TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT. THEY'VE BEEN *FOLLOWING* ME...
WHO ARE THEY, OGDEN? WHICH RACKETEERS DO YOU OWE?
I...I CAN'T *TELL* YOU THAT, LAMONT! FOR *YOUR* SAKE AS WELL AS FOR MINE. HOLLYWOOD IS A *SMALL* TOWN. NEWS TRAVELS...
FINE, OGDEN, FINE. RELAX.
TELL ME SOMETHING ELSE. WHAT IS THIS "NEW PURPOSE" YOU FOUND?
SOON, LAMONT. WE CAN'T TELL ANYONE YET, BUT...IT'S A NEW BEGINNING FOR *ME*...FOR *HOLLYWOOD*..AND FOR *AMERICA*.
WHO ARE "WE"?
GOOD FRIENDS OF MINE. YOU'LL MEET THEM. THERE'S A PARTY TONIGHT AT THE *ROOSEVELT HOTEL*. I WANT YOU TO BE THERE.
OH, THANK YOU FOR COMING, LAMONT. I'D THOUGHT NO ONE CARED ABOUT THIS MISERABLE HOLLYWOOD HACK, BUT...
I CAN'T LET YOU BE A VICTIM, OGDEN. *NO* MAN SHOULD BE A VICTIM OF CRIME. IF YOU NEED ME, CALL ON ME. WE'RE STAYING AT A LITTLE PLACE ON SUNSET...
"...CALLED THE *GARDEN OF ALLAH*."
WELL, THE CAB DRIVER DROPPED OUR BAGS OFF, SURE ENOUGH...
Garden of ALLAH VILLAS
...ALTHOUGH FROM THE LOOKS OF THEM, HE DROPPED THEM OFF FROM AN ENORMOUS *HEIGHT*.
IF ONLY THIS PARTY WEREN'T *TONIGHT* I COULD BUY--
HARRY VINCENT? IT IS I.
7

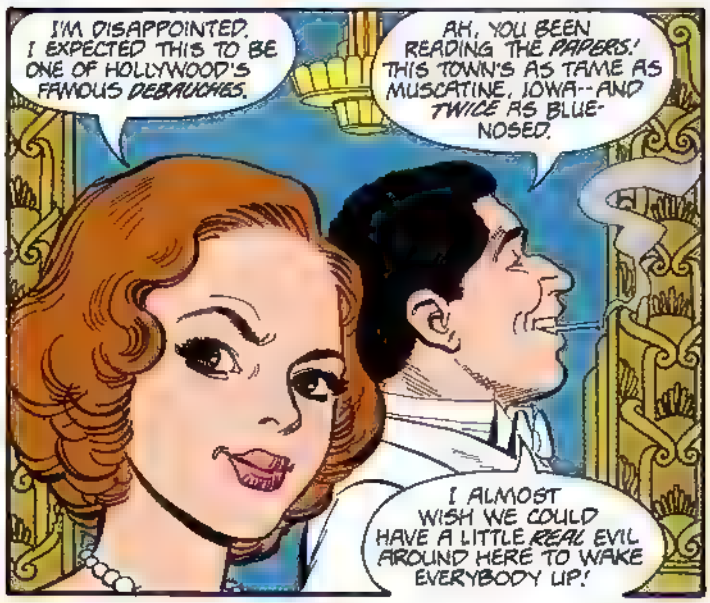
HELLO, BOSS. HOW'S--
LISTEN TO ME, OGDEN DUDLEY HARTMAN, PLAYWRIGHT. I MUST KNOW HIS FORMER CRIMINAL CONNECTIONS. PARTICULARLY ANY WHO MIGHT HAVE MOVED WEST.
I'LL GET ON IT. HOW'S HOLLYWOOD?
HOLLYWOOD REEKS OF GREED. THE GREED THAT BLINDS MEN'S JUDGEMENT AND SETS THEM FEEDING UPON ONE ANOTHER LIKE SNAKES UPON RODENTS.
THAT'S SWELL, BOSS. BUT I WAS THINKING MORE OF THE WOMEN. I'VE HEARD THAT--
HARTMAN. HIS CRIMINAL CONNECTIONS.
WONDERFUL. THE BOSS ALWAYS NEEDS ME AT THE WORST POSSIBLE TIMES, BUT THEN HE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD.. HERE I SIT.
WITH VOGUE MAGAZINE'S "DEBUTANTE OF THE YEAR," I REMIND YOU.
HONESTLY, HARRY, WHAT CAN ONE OF THOSE FABRIC-STRAINING PEROXIDE WONDERS GIVE YOU THAT I CAN'T?
NOW, ANGEL, YOUR MOTHER SHOULD HAVE TAUGHT YOU--THERE ARE SOME THINGS A GIRL JUST SHOULDN'T ASK.
HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT
CRANSTON AND...LANE...OH, YES! MR. HARTMAN'S GUESTS. GO RIGHT IN. MR. HARTMAN ISN'T HERE YET, I'M AFRAID.
HE LIVES A GOOD WAY UP IN THE HILLS, YOU KNOW. PROBABLY STILL MAKING THE DRIVE DOWN.
OH, QUITE ALL RIGHT. I'M SURE WE'LL MEET SOME VERY INTERESTING--
CRANSTON, OLD MAN.
8

GREAT TO SEE YOU! HOW'VE YOU BEEN?
SINCE THIS AFTERNOON? I'VE BEEN--
THAT'S GRAND! AND HOW'S MY MOVIE STAR?
C'MERE, YOU'RE GONNA MEET SOME SENSATIONAL PEOPLE...
PLEASE LET ME KNOW THE MOMENT MR. HARTMAN ENTERS.
A ROADSTER RACES WITH THE DESERT WINDS TOWARD THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLY-WOOD...
...ITS DRIVER, OGDEN HARTMAN, TOO LOST IN THOUGHT TO SEE THE HEADLIGHTS SURGING CLOSE BEHIND HIM...
...UNTIL...
NO--
NO!
KLANG
PLEASE..
9

OH PLEASE...
NOW.
WAIT!
SQUEEEE
BEEEEEP
SQUEEEE
KLUNCH!
GO.
CAN'T BOLLIX THIS.
10


YES... PLEASE... YES...
JUST A LITTLE FURTHER...
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

...JEAN HARLOW OVER THERE, WITH BILL POWELL. SWEET COUPLA KIDS, I MEAN IT.
OVER THERE...YOU KNOW B.P. SCHULBERG, THE PRODUCER? WELL THAT'S HIS KID. CRAZY SQUIRT, LIKES TO HANG OUT WITH WRITERS. BUT I LOVE HIM.


I'M DISAPPOINTED. I EXPECTED THIS TO BE ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS DEBAUCHES.
AH, YOU BEEN READING THE PAPERS! THIS TOWN'S AS TAME AS MUSCATINE, IOWA--AND TWICE AS BLUE-NOSED.
I ALMOST WISH WE COULD HAVE A LITTLE REAL EVIL AROUND HERE TO WAKE EVERYBODY UP!

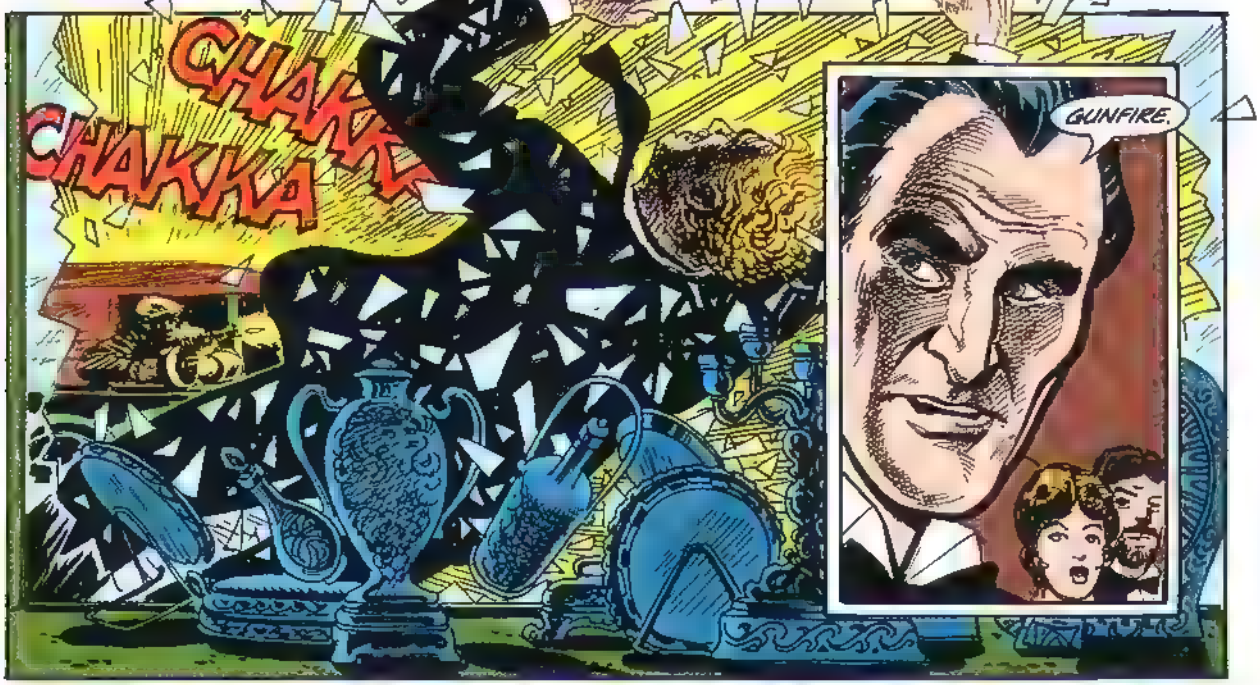
WELL, LOOK AT THIS! YOUR FRIEND CRANSTON'S FOUND A COUPLA MY FAVORITE PEOPLE! KAT SINGER AND MANNY ALTSHEIM!
TOP DRAWER WRITERS! TOP DRAWER! COME ON!

SO... HAS OUR SAMSON FOUND HIMSELF A NEW DELILAH?
HA! KAT, YOU TEAR ME UP!
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STOP CRANKING OUT THOSE DEEP-DISH THINK PIECES AND START WRITING ME SOME KILLER COMEDIES, HUH?
11

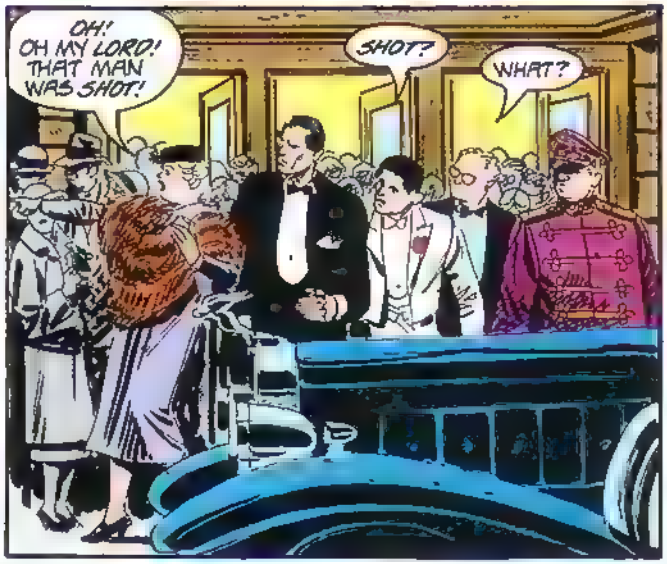
WHAT'S THIS, SAMSON? I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T BUYING SCRIPTS FROM "UNION AGITATORS."
HEY, KAT, THIS IS MIXED COMPANY. YOU SHOULDN'T BE TALKING...DIRTY.
HM!
HOW ABOUT YOU, MR. CRANSTON? DO YOU FIND THE WORD "UNION" OBSCENE?
WE'RE A BIT OUT OF MY DEPTH HERE...
MARGO, THESE ARE FRIENDS OF OGDEN HARTMAN'S. THEY--
YOU DODGE THE ISSUE AS WELL AS SAMSON HERE.
NOT FOR LONG. UNIONIZATION IS THE STORM ON OUR HORIZON--WHEN IT BREAKS, WE'LL ALL HAVE TO SHOW OUR TRUE COLORS.
YEAH. RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE ON ONE SIDE...AND JUST PLAIN RED ON THE OTHER.
OH, FOR--
WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU, SAMSON? DONATING MONEY TO THIS LEAGUE OF BLACK SHIRTS WE'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT? LEADING POGROMS AGAINST YOUR OWN--
RELAX, SWEETHEART. JUST PULLING YOUR LEG.
HEY, LOOK OVER THERE! CLARK!
C'MERE, BILLY-BOY! RESCUE US! WE'RE TALKING POLITICS!
WELL, I GUESS I CAN END THAT, ALL RIGHT.
I'VE METCHA BEFORE, RIGHT? A PRODUCER... OVER AT PINNACLE...
HA! WHAT A KIDDER! AS IF YOU COULD FORGET ME LET'S HUDDLE SOON ABOUT THAT EARTHQUAKE PICTURE I COOKED UP FOR YOU, OKAY?
IN THE MEANTIME, MEET SOME OF MY FAVORITE PEOPLE...
12

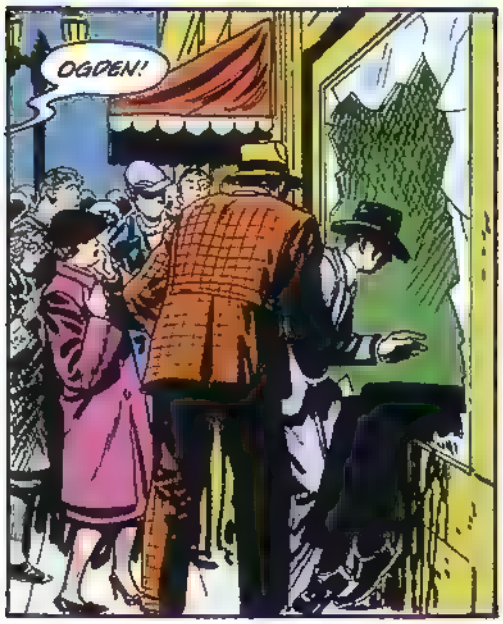
MISS MARGO LANE, YOU RECOGNIZE WILLIAM CLARK, ONE OF THIS TOWN'S BRIGHTEST NEW STARS.
PLEASED, I'M SURE.
AND I'M VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU. I WAS AFRAID NOTHING EXCITING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TONIGHT.
FASTER!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, FASTER!
CLANG CLANG
RRRRR
FLOOR IT!
NO!
BUMP
13

DAMN!
END POVERTY IN CALIFORNIA
VOTE UPTON SINCLAIR FOR GOVERNOR
KRACK
OH LORD, OH LORD... THANK YOU...
IF I CAN...CAN JUST MAKE THE...
...THE ROOSEVELT!
RRRRRRRRRRR
OH...
.GOD!
RRRRRR

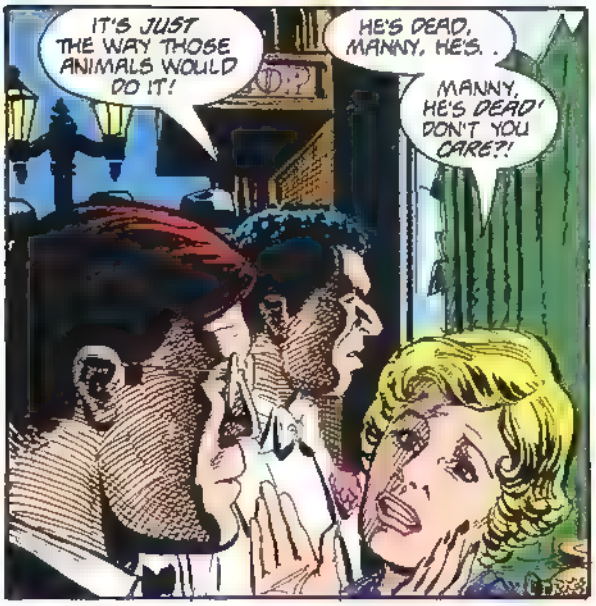

CHAK
CHAKKA
GUNFIRE.

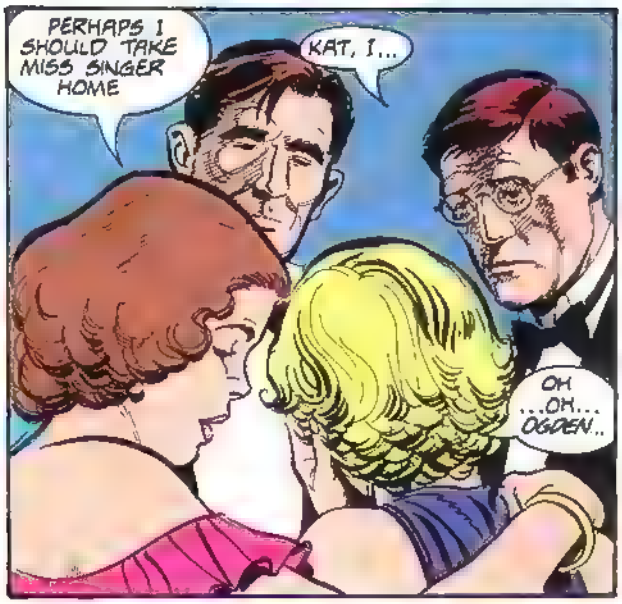
LAMONT! WHAT--?


OH! OH MY LORD! THAT MAN WAS SHOT!
SHOT?
WHAT?

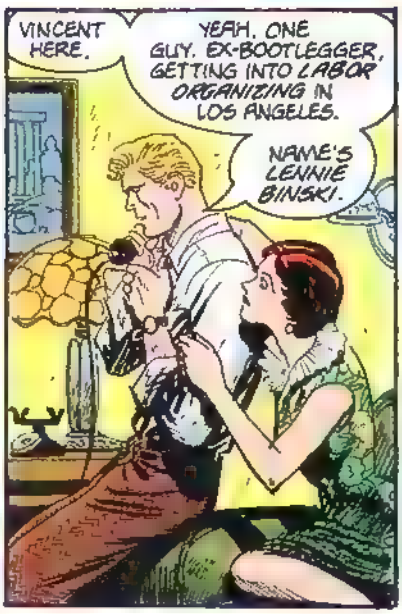

OGDEN!

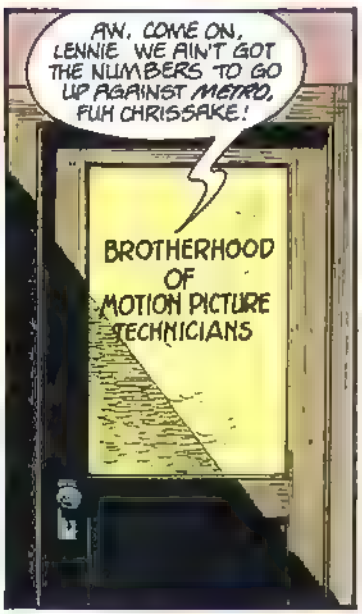
OH, OGDEN... OGDEN...
WHO WOULD DO THIS?
IT LOOKS LIKE A MOB KILLING!

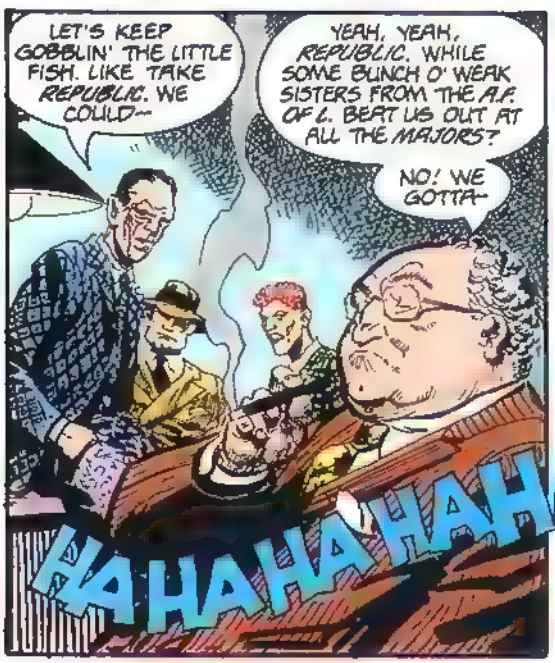

IT'S JUST THE WAY THOSE ANIMALS WOULD DO IT!
HE'S DEAD, MANNY, HE'S..
MANNY, HE'S DEAD! DON'T YOU CARE?!


PERHAPS I SHOULD TAKE MISS SINGER HOME
KAT, I...
OH ...OH... OGDEN..

LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOYFRIEND RAN OUT ON YOU.
NO. LAMONT HAS ...SOMETHING HE MUST DO.


VINCENT HERE.
YEAH. ONE GUY. EX-BOOTLEGGER, GETTING INTO LABOR ORGANIZING IN LOS ANGELES.
NAME'S LENNIE BINSKI.

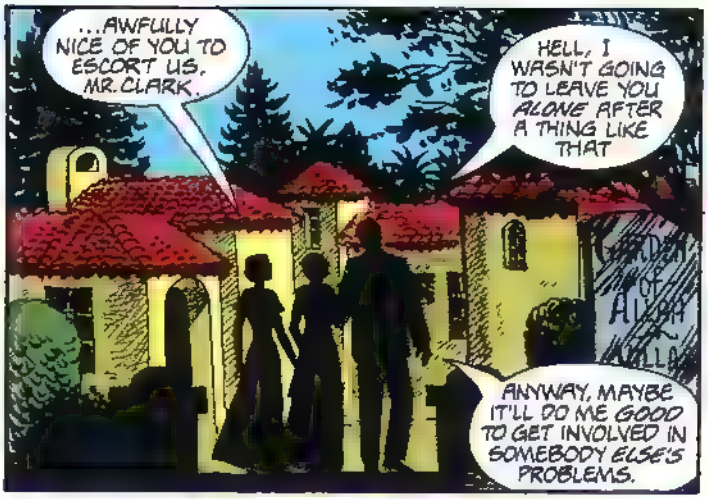

AW, COME ON, LENNIE WE AIN'T GOT THE NUMBERS TO GO UP AGAINST METRO, FUH CHRISSAKE!
BROTHERHOOD OF MOTION PICTURE TECHNICIANS

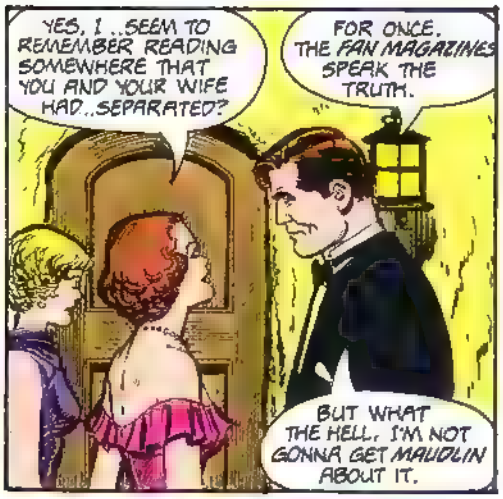

LET'S KEEP GOBBLIN' THE LITTLE FISH. LIKE TAKE REPUBLIC. WE COULD--
YEAH, YEAH, REPUBLIC. WHILE SOME BUNCH O' WEAK SISTERS FROM THE A.F. OF L. BEAT US OUT AT ALL THE MAJORS?
NO! WE GOTTA-
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHIN' AT?
I AIN'T LAUGHIN'.
THEN WHO'S--

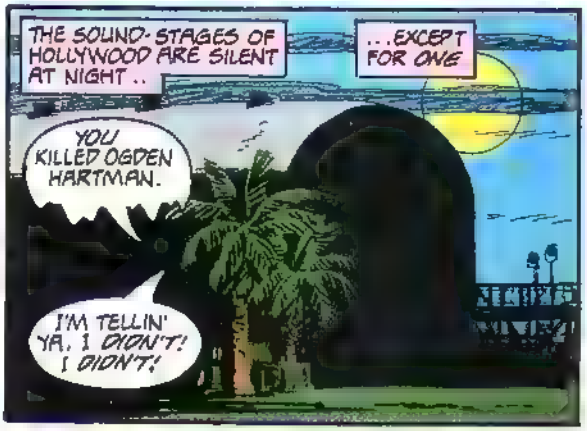
HAHAHA

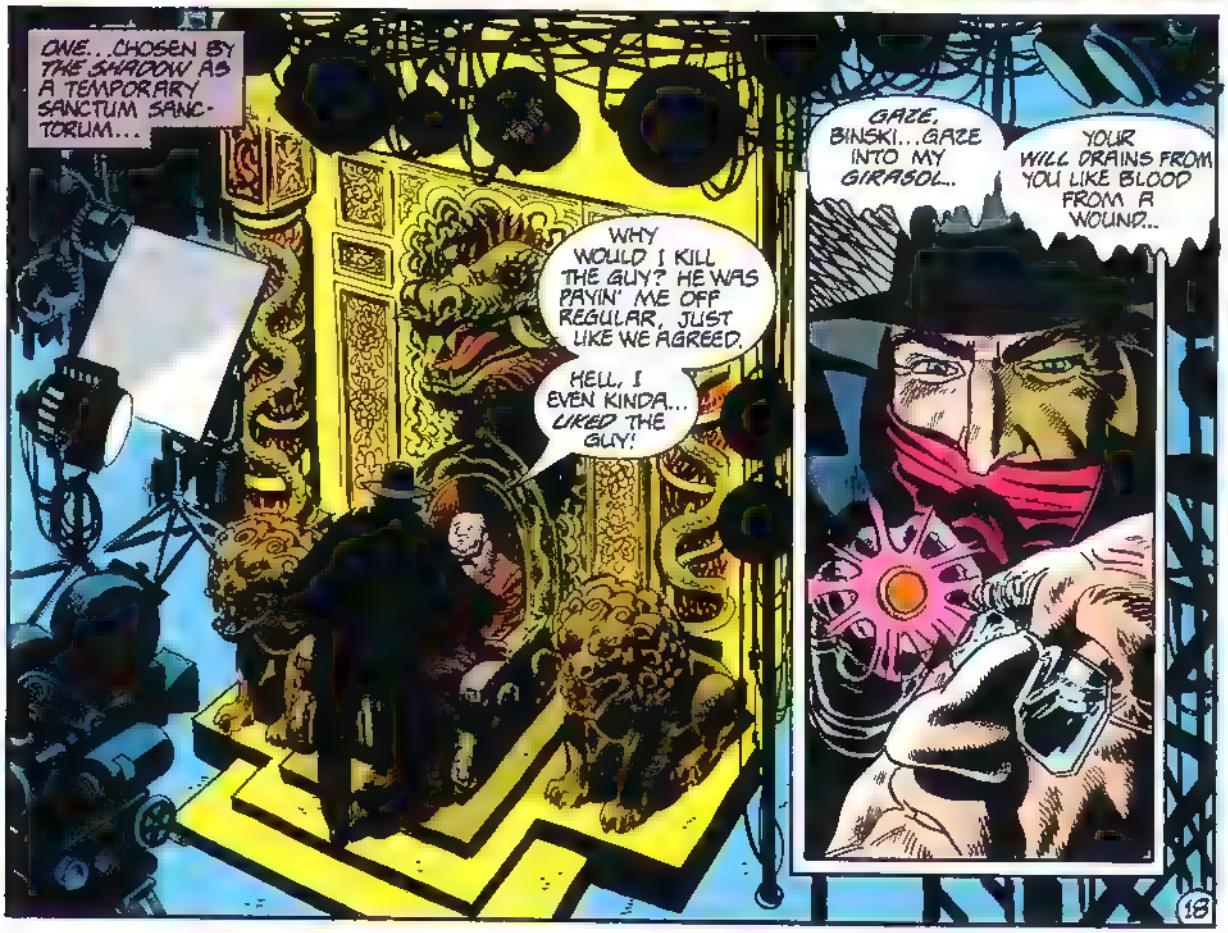
HAHAHA
LENNIE BINSKI...YOU ARE MINE!
SOMEBODY GET THIS GUY!
THE SHADOW IS NOT SO EASILY ...GOTTEN!
BA-BA-
BAM
NOW...YOU AND I WILL SPEAK!
W-WAIT...
WAIT!
HAHAHAHAHAHA
WE CAN CUT A DEAL!
BAM
HAHAHAHAHA

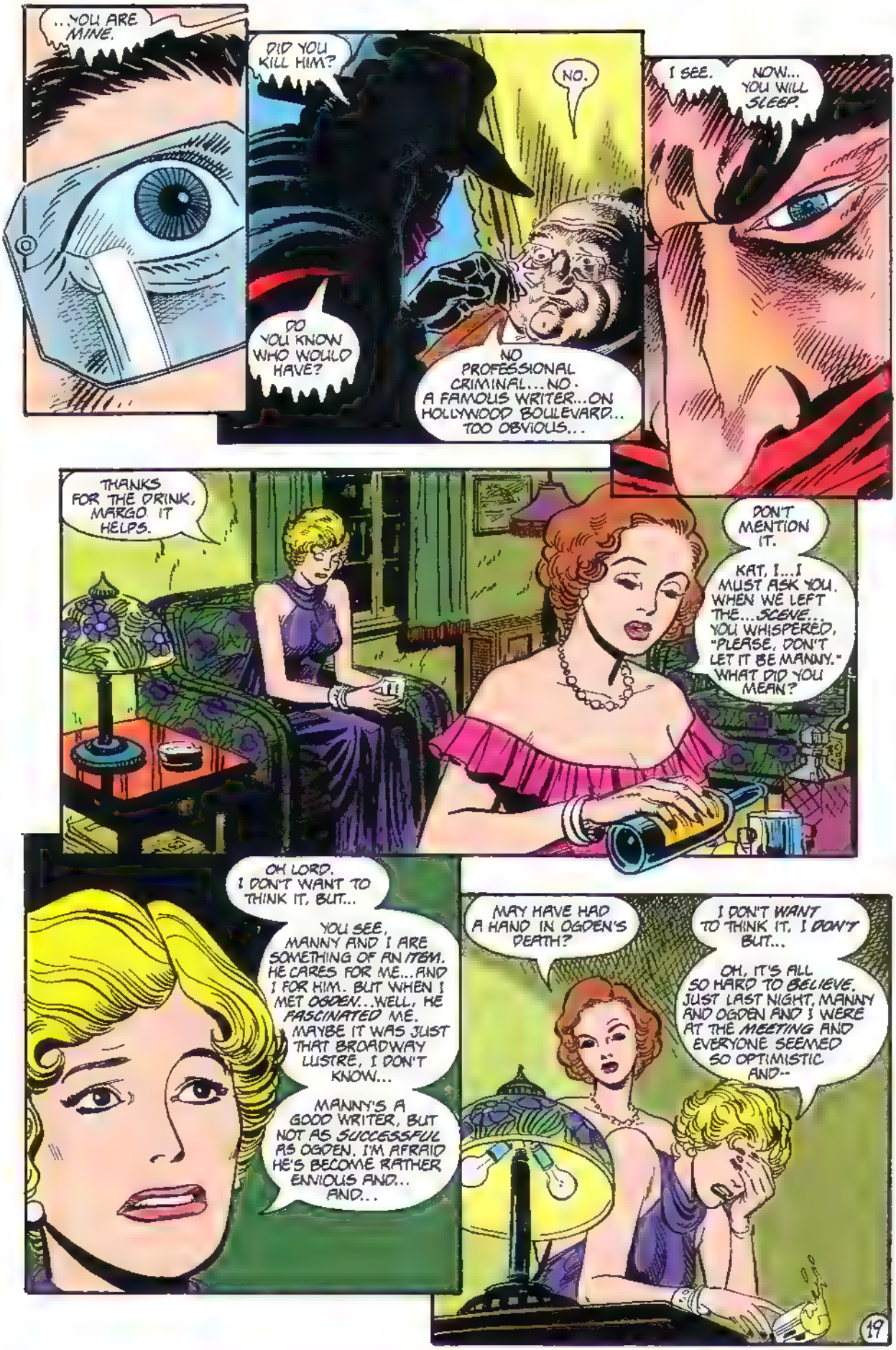

...AWFULLY NICE OF YOU TO ESCORT US, MR. CLARK.
HELL, I WASN'T GOING TO LEAVE YOU *ALONE* AFTER A THING LIKE THAT
ANYWAY, MAYBE IT'LL DO ME *GOOD* TO GET INVOLVED IN SOMEBODY *ELSE'S* PROBLEMS.


YES, I ..SEEM TO REMEMBER READING SOMEWHERE THAT YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAD..SEPARATED?
FOR ONCE, THE *FAN MAGAZINES* SPEAK THE TRUTH.
BUT WHAT THE HELL, I'M NOT GONNA GET *MAUDLIN* ABOUT IT.

COMPARED WITH WHAT *THIS* GIRL'S GOING THROUGH ...LISTEN, IF THERE'S EVER ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU OR MISS SINGER...
I'LL CALL ON YOU. THANK YOU.


THE SOUND-STAGES OF HOLLYWOOD ARE SILENT AT NIGHT ..
...EXCEPT FOR *ONE*
YOU KILLED OGDEN HARTMAN.
I'M TELLIN' YA, I *DIDN'T!* I *DIDN'T!*


ONE...CHOSEN BY *THE SHADOW* AS A TEMPORARY SANCTUM SANC-TORUM...
WHY WOULD I KILL THE GUY? HE WAS *PAYIN'* ME OFF REGULAR, JUST LIKE WE AGREED.
HELL, I EVEN KINDA... *LIKED* THE GUY!
GAZE, BINSKI...GAZE INTO MY *GIRASOL*...
YOUR *WILL* DRAINS FROM YOU LIKE BLOOD FROM A WOUND...

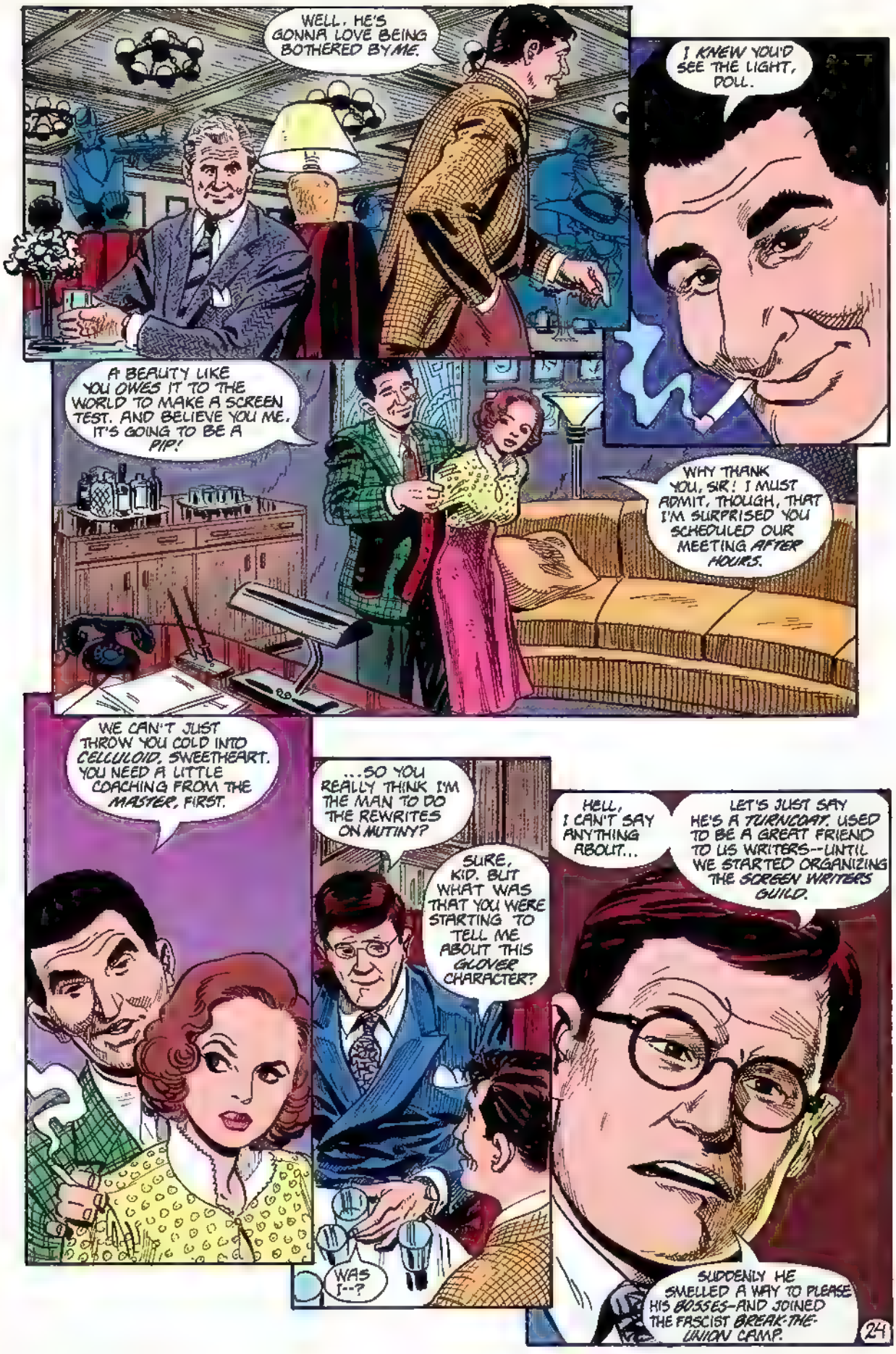

...YOU ARE MINE.
DID YOU KILL HIM?
NO.
I SEE. NOW... YOU WILL SLEEP.
DO YOU KNOW WHO WOULD HAVE?
NO PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL... NO. A FAMOUS WRITER... ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD... TOO OBVIOUS...
THANKS FOR THE DRINK, MARGO. IT HELPS.
DON'T MENTION IT.
KAT, I... I MUST ASK YOU. WHEN WE LEFT THE... SCENE... YOU WHISPERED, "PLEASE, DON'T LET IT BE MANNY." WHAT DID YOU MEAN?
OH LORD. I DON'T WANT TO THINK IT, BUT...
YOU SEE, MANNY AND I ARE SOMETHING OF AN ITEM. HE CARES FOR ME... AND I FOR HIM. BUT WHEN I MET OGDEN... WELL, HE FASCINATED ME. MAYBE IT WAS JUST THAT BROADWAY LUSTRE, I DON'T KNOW...
MANNY'S A GOOD WRITER, BUT NOT AS SUCCESSFUL AS OGDEN. I'M AFRAID HE'S BECOME RATHER ENVIOUS AND... AND...
MAY HAVE HAD A HAND IN OGDEN'S DEATH?
I DON'T WANT TO THINK IT. I DON'T BUT...
OH, IT'S ALL SO HARD TO BELIEVE. JUST LAST NIGHT, MANNY AND OGDEN AND I WERE AT THE MEETING AND EVERYONE SEEMED SO OPTIMISTIC AND--
19

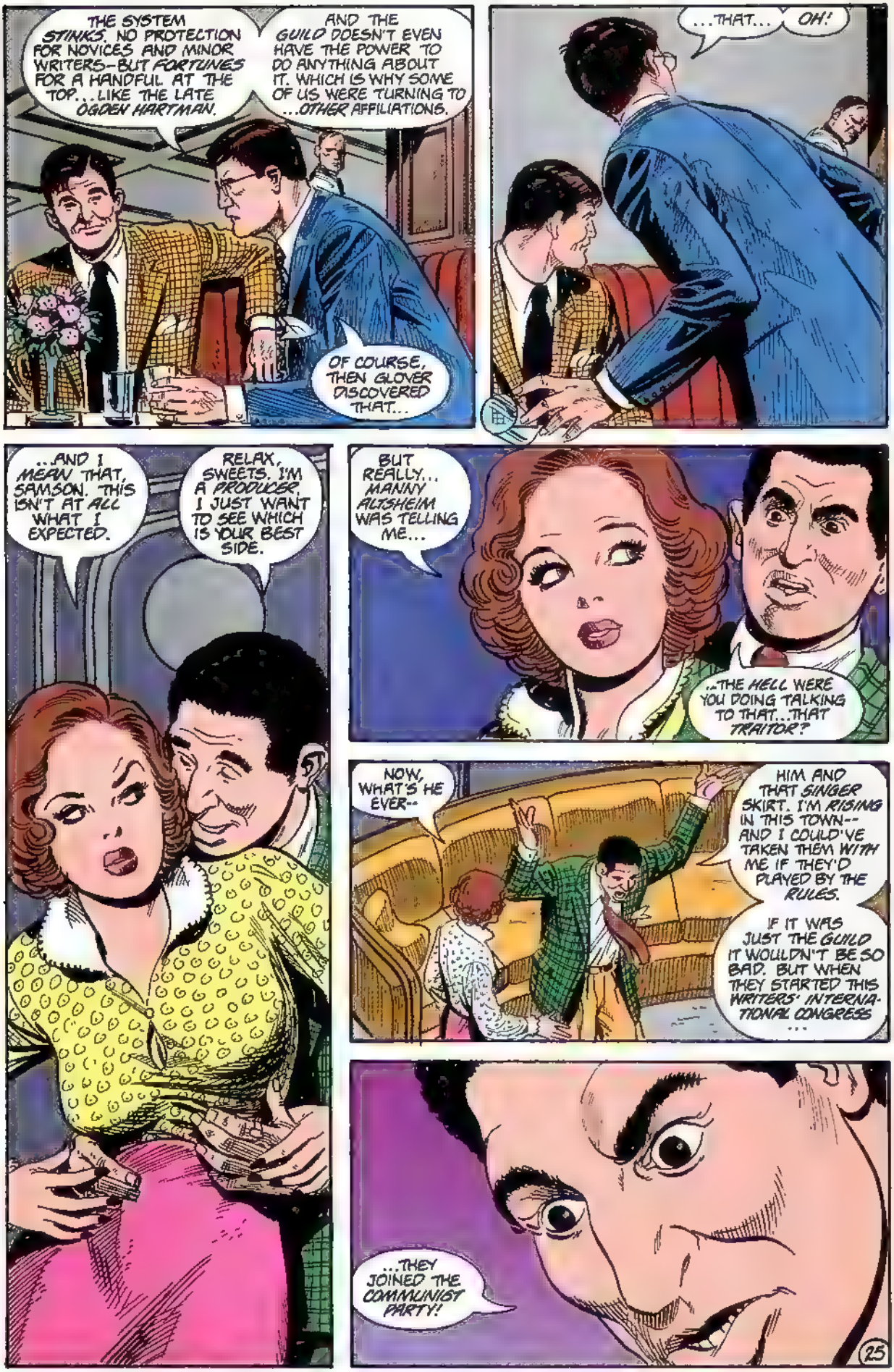
"MEETING"?
WHAT? OH!
NO, I DIDN'T... I JUST MEANT THAT I'D SEEN HIM SO RECENTLY AND...
I'M SORRY, MARGO, I'VE TAKEN UP TOO MUCH OF YOUR TIME ALREADY
NOT AT ALL. I--
NO! I MUST GO! YES, I MUST. THANK YOU AGAIN, MARGO!
KAT--?
I'LL BE FINE. REALLY I WILL.
THAT WAS QUITE AN EXIT.
OH. HELLO. SHE WAS TELLING ME--
I HEARD ALL.
SHE MAY SPEAK SINCERELY, OR SHE MAY BE DIVERTING SUSPICION. WE MUST LEARN WHICH... AND QUICKLY.
ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU SHOULD BE DOING THIS? I KNOW HOW YOU FELT ABOUT HARTMAN, AND PERHAPS THIS IS ONE TIME YOU SHOULD LEAVE JUSTICE TO THE--
THIS IS THE ONE TIME I CANNOT LEAVE JUSTICE--TO ANY OTHERS.
TOMORROW I WILL KEEP WATCH ON MISS SINGER...
20

"...WHILE YOU MEET WITH MANNY ALTSHEIM AND LEARN EVERYTHING YOU CAN."
NOPE. YOU JUST MISSED HIM.
PINNACLE STUDIOS
WRITERS BUILDING
ALL MORNING LONG MANNY WAS TRYING TO CADGE AN EMERGENCY MEETING WITH CROWN PRINCE GLOVER. AND THEN A MIRACLE OCCURRED. SAMSON SAID YES.
GLOVER, HM?
I'M SORRY, HONEY. A REGULAR STUDIO PASS WON'T GET YOU INTO THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
BLAST IT, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY...
HMM...
WELL, HE DID OFFER... DIDN'T HE?
LET US THROUGH, PAL. GOT AN URGENT APPOINTMENT WITH MR. PINNACLE HIMSELF!
Y-YES SIR, MISTER-
21

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, SISTER? MAKE ONE GOOD BUS MOVIE AND NOBODY KEEPS YOU OUT OF ANYTHING ANYMORE.
IT WAS SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME WHEN I CALLED.
IT WAS NOTHING. SAY--
SH! IT'S THEM!
THE HELL YOU SAY, ALTSHEIM! I'M ON MY WAY UP! AND IF YOU DON'T STOP WITH THE THREATS--
--MAYBE YOU'LL FORGET THAT YOU "LOVE ME LIKE A BROTHER," IS THAT IT?
SON OF A--
MANNY?
WHAT--
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I WANTED TO ASK--
I CAN'T TALK TO YOU NOW!
THAT WAS THE GUY YOU WANTED TO MEET?
HMM.
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'LL HAVE A GREAT DEAL MORE LUCK INVESTIGATING THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT ARGUMENT.
I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FAVOR, MR. CLARK...IF YOU'RE WILLING TO SACRIFICE YOUR AFTERNOON.
LADY, SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M A FOOL FOR GETTING INVOLVED WITH YOU...
...BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'VE GOT ME TOO DAMN CURIOUS TO SAY NO.
22

...I KNOW, DOLORES, BUT IT'S URGENT. YOU CAN BUTTER UP BILLY WILKERSON TOMORROW.
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING, AND WE NEED TO DEAL WITH IT... TONIGHT.
I'LL CALL DONALD AND RING. YOU GET OSCAR, CHARLES, MARIAN...
LATER...
AWAKEN! I NEED YOU.
D-DON'T DO NOTHIN'--
YEAH, YEAH! YOU KNOW I DO.
DO YOU WISH TO CLEAR YOURSELF AND YOUR MOB OF SUSPICION IN THE HARTMAN MURDER?
THEN YOU MUST HELP ME. I WILL RETURN YOU TO YOUR OFFICE. YOU WILL INVESTIGATE FOR ME. I HAVE NAMES...
THE HOT WINDS SWIRL AS AFTERNOON TURNS TO EVENING...
WELL, HIYA, CLARK. HOW YOU DOING?
CAFE TROCADERO
JUST SWELL, SPENCE. SAY, YOU KNOW IF A WRITER NAMED ALTSHEIM CAME IN HERE? THEY TOLD ME--
YEAH. HE CAME IN AND HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE BACK. LOOKED LIKE HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED.

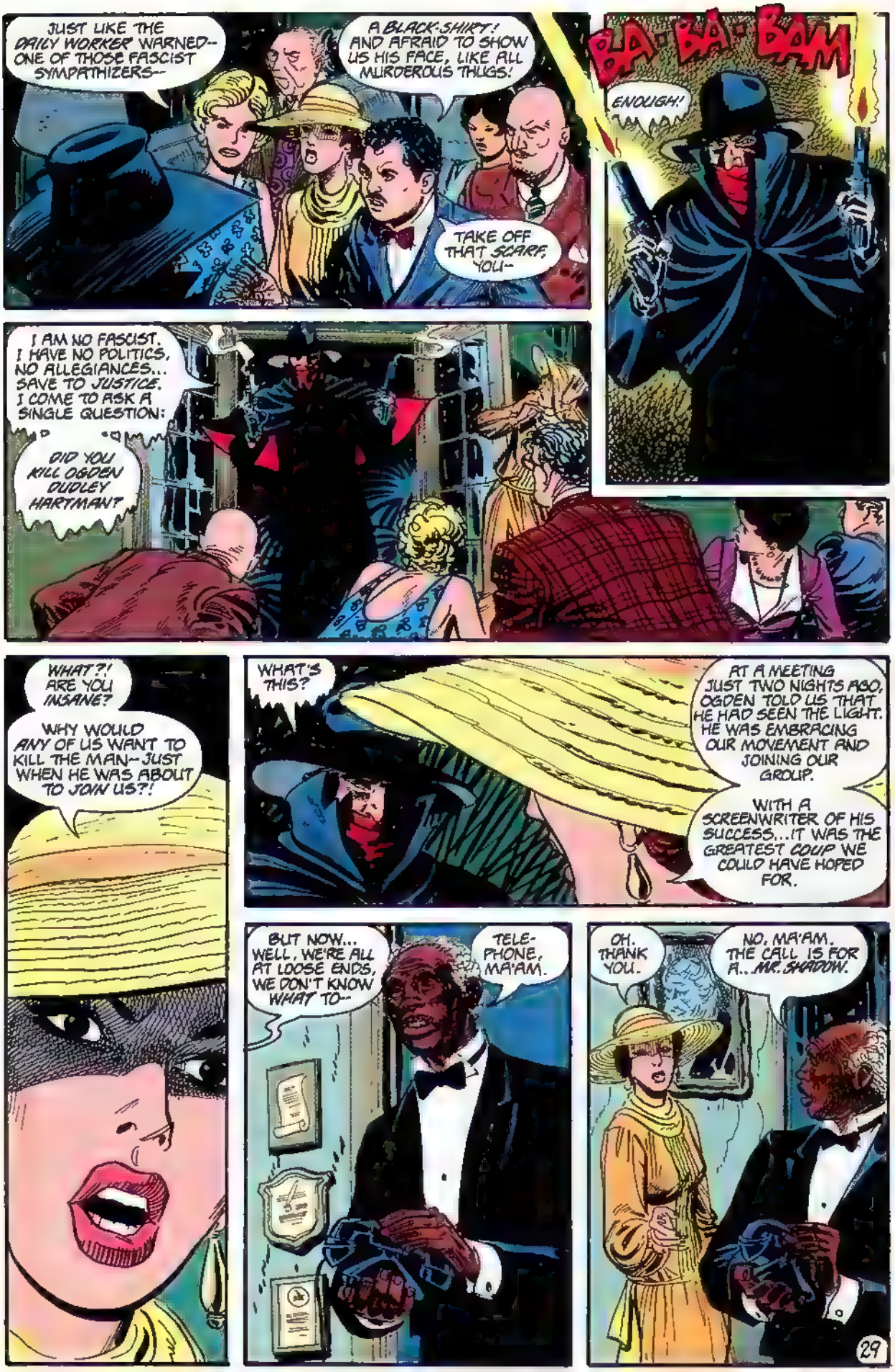

WELL, HE'S GONNA LOVE BEING BOTHERED BY ME.
I KNEW YOU'D SEE THE LIGHT, DOLL.
A BEAUTY LIKE YOU OWES IT TO THE WORLD TO MAKE A SCREEN TEST. AND BELIEVE YOU ME, IT'S GOING TO BE A PIP!
WHY THANK YOU, SIR! I MUST ADMIT, THOUGH, THAT I'M SURPRISED YOU SCHEDULED OUR MEETING AFTER HOURS.
WE CAN'T JUST THROW YOU COLD INTO CELLULOID, SWEETHEART. YOU NEED A LITTLE COACHING FROM THE MASTER, FIRST.
...SO YOU REALLY THINK I'M THE MAN TO DO THE REWRITES ON MUTINY?
SURE, KID. BUT WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE STARTING TO TELL ME ABOUT THIS GLOVER CHARACTER?
WAS I--?
HELL, I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT...
LET'S JUST SAY HE'S A TURNCOAT. USED TO BE A GREAT FRIEND TO US WRITERS--UNTIL WE STARTED ORGANIZING THE SCREEN WRITERS GUILD.
SUDDENLY HE SMELLED A WAY TO PLEASE HIS BOSSES--AND JOINED THE FASCIST BREAK-THE-UNION CRAP.
24

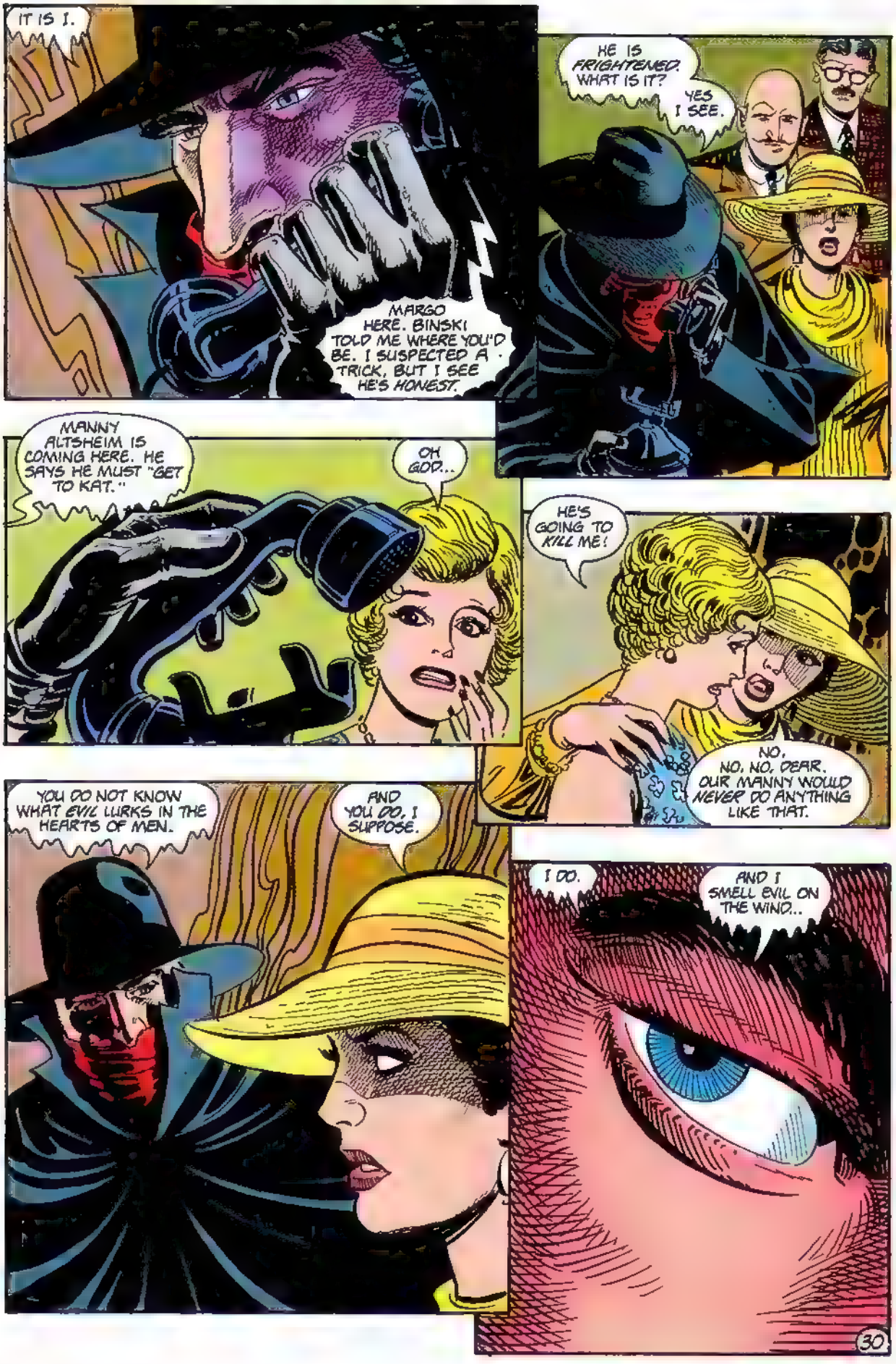

THE SYSTEM STINKS. NO PROTECTION FOR NOVICES AND MINOR WRITERS—BUT FORTUNES FOR A HANDFUL AT THE TOP...LIKE THE LATE OGDEN HARTMAN.
AND THE GUILD DOESN'T EVEN HAVE THE POWER TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. WHICH IS WHY SOME OF US WERE TURNING TO ...OTHER AFFILIATIONS.
OF COURSE, THEN GLOVER DISCOVERED THAT...
...THAT...
OH!
...AND I MEAN THAT, SAMSON. THIS ISN'T AT ALL WHAT I EXPECTED.
RELAX, SWEETS. I'M A PRODUCER. I JUST WANT TO SEE WHICH IS YOUR BEST SIDE.
BUT REALLY... MANNY ALTSHEIM WAS TELLING ME...
..THE HELL WERE YOU DOING TALKING TO THAT...THAT TRAITOR?
NOW, WHAT'S HE EVER--
HIM AND THAT SINGER SKIRT. I'M RISING IN THIS TOWN-- AND I COULD'VE TAKEN THEM WITH ME IF THEY'D PLAYED BY THE RULES.
IF IT WAS JUST THE GUILD IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD. BUT WHEN THEY STARTED THIS WRITERS' INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ...
...THEY JOINED THE COMMUNIST PARTY!
25

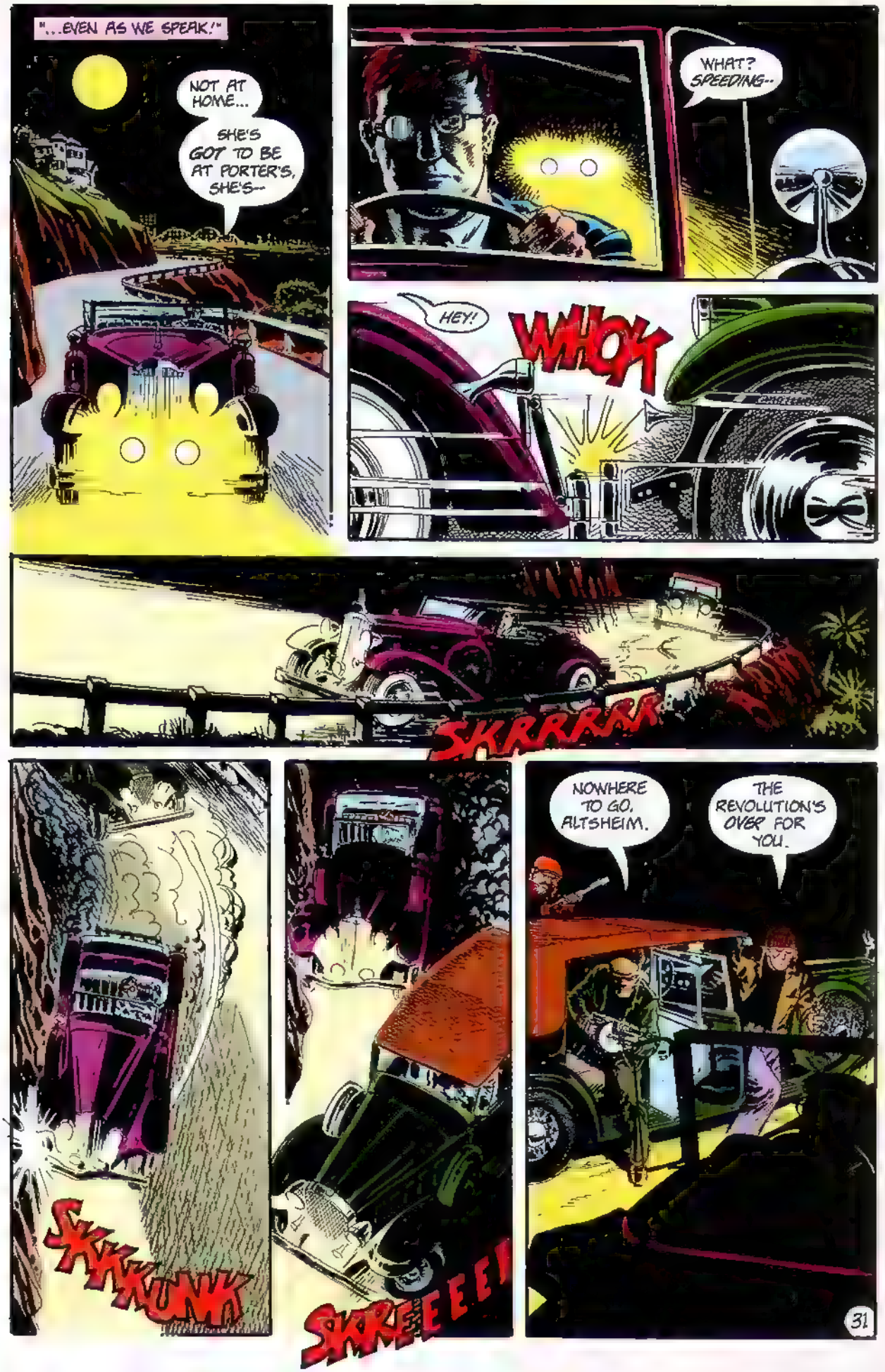
THE COM...
DOES OGDEN HARTMAN FIT INTO THIS?
HELL YEAH. THEY KILLED HIM!
"...AS SURE AS I'M STANDING HERE--THEY DID IT!"
IT'S MARGO. EXPLORE SINGER AND ALTSHEIM'S CONNECTION WITH A GROUP CALLED...
...W.I.C.? YEAH, I HEARD OF 'EM. PINKER THAN SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S DRAWERS.
DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT 'EM, BUT THEY HOOK UP WITH THIS NAME DOLORES YOU GAVE ME. DOLORES PORTER. SOME HIGH-DOLLAR WRITER, LIVES OUT BY THE OCEAN. GOT THE ADDRESS HERE...
ONE THING I DO KNOW. THERE WAS BAD FEELINGS BETWEEN W.I.C. AND THE WRITERS' GUILD. AND THE STIFF--UH, HARTMAN-- HE WAS A GUILD MAN.
LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE REDS POPPED HIM AS PART OF A STRONG-ARM MOVE.
WE SHALL SEE.
HEY. IF YOU'RE GONNA TAKE THEM ON... YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL.
I TANGLED WITH SOME COMMIE ORGANIZERS WHEN I WAS BACK EAST. DANGEROUS BUNCH. BIG BRAWLIN' GUYS--AND FEARLESS AS ALL HELL.
...GOT TO GET TO HER...
ALTSHEIM!
DAMN IT... IF I GO TO CALL, HE'LL...
26

SPENCE! YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME. CALL THE GARDEN OF ALLAH--AND LEAVE A MESSAGE--
THIS HAD DAMN WELL BETTER NOT BE ANOTHER PRACTICAL JOKE...
LISTEN--THAT JEW WRITER, HE JUST RAN OUT YELLING, "I HAVE TO GET TO KAT."
NIGHT FALLS...
...AS WIND AND SURF RAGE IN NOISY ARGUMENT AROUND DOLORES PORTER'S CLIFFSIDE HOME...
...AND ONE SHADOW DETACHES ITSELF FROM ITS FELLOWS...
...JUST LIKE I WAS TELLING BENCHLEY THE OTHER DAY, I DON'T THINK EVEN JOE STALIN' COULD FORGE A "POPULAR FRONT" IN THIS SUFFOCATING HEAT.
JUST ANOTHER CIRCLE IN THIS HOLLYWOOD PURGATORY WE'VE BEEN CONDEMNED TO, I SUPPOSE.
YOUR MARTINI, MA'AM.
THANK YOU, ANDREW.
OH, AND PLEASE TELL THEODORE TO HAVE THE PACKARD READY FOR ME IN THE MORNING. I HAVE TO GET TO MADAME ANTOINETTE'S FOR A NEW HAT TO WEAR TO THAT N.A.A.C.P. FUND-RAISER.
YES, MA'AM.
TAKING ON THE RACE PROBLEM NOW TOO, DOLORES?
HOW CAN I NOT, WHEN I READ ABOUT THOSE POOR SCOTTSBORO BOYS?
ANYWAY, A GAL NEEDS SOMETHING TO DO WHILE SHE'S WAITING FOR THE STUDIO TO TOSS HER ANOTHER PIECE OF...
27

OH.
WHERE ARE THEY?
WHERE ARE THE COMMUNISTS?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT BUSINESS IT IS OF YOURS...
BUT YOU'RE LOOKING AT THEM!
YOU?
YOU ARE THE REDS? THE LABOR AGITATORS? THE--
WE ARE PEOPLE OF INTELLECT--AND CONSCIENCE. PEOPLE WHO CAN READ THE FIERY WRITING ON THE WALLS OF THIS COUNTRY!
AND YOU--I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, EXCEPT THAT YOU'RE TRACKING DIRT ON AN ORIGINAL BAUHAUS THROW-RUG!
HAHAHA
ALAS, LENNIE BINSKI--WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM HOME!
NOT FROM MY HOME, YOU AREN'T! AND I DEMAND THAT YOU IDENTIFY--
DOLORES! HE'S ONE OF THEM.


JUST LIKE THE DAILY WORKER WARNED--ONE OF THOSE FASCIST SYMPATHIZERS--
A BLACK-SHIRT! AND AFRAID TO SHOW US HIS FACE, LIKE ALL MURDEROUS THUGS!
TAKE OFF THAT SCARF, YOU--
BA-BA-BAM
ENOUGH!
I AM NO FASCIST. I HAVE NO POLITICS, NO ALLEGIANCES.. SAVE TO JUSTICE. I COME TO ASK A SINGLE QUESTION:
DID YOU KILL OGDEN DUDLEY HARTMAN?
WHAT?! ARE YOU INSANE?
WHY WOULD ANY OF US WANT TO KILL THE MAN--JUST WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TO JOIN US?!
WHAT'S THIS?
AT A MEETING JUST TWO NIGHTS AGO, OGDEN TOLD US THAT HE HAD SEEN THE LIGHT. HE WAS EMBRACING OUR MOVEMENT AND JOINING OUR GROUP.
WITH A SCREENWRITER OF HIS SUCCESS...IT WAS THE GREATEST COUP WE COULD HAVE HOPED FOR.
BUT NOW... WELL, WE'RE ALL AT LOOSE ENDS, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO--
TELE-PHONE, MA'AM.
OH. THANK YOU.
NO, MA'AM. THE CALL IS FOR A.. MR. SHADOW.
29

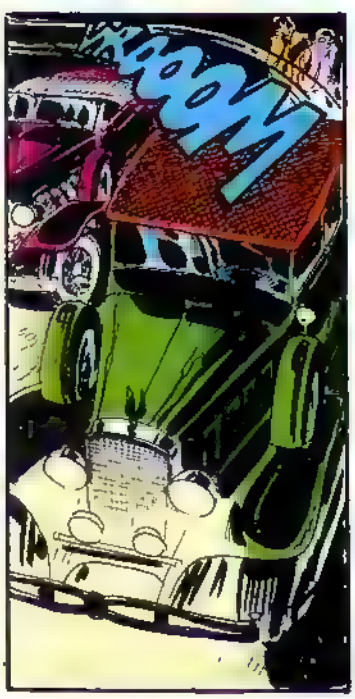

IT IS I.
MARGO HERE. BINSKI TOLD ME WHERE YOU'D BE. I SUSPECTED A TRICK, BUT I SEE HE'S HONEST.
HE IS FRIGHTENED. WHAT IS IT?
YES I SEE.
MANNY ALTSHEIM IS COMING HERE. HE SAYS HE MUST "GET TO KAT."
OH GOD...
HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!
NO, NO, NO, DEAR. OUR MANNY WOULD NEVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN.
AND YOU DO, I SUPPOSE.
I DO.
AND I SMELL EVIL ON THE WIND...
30


"...EVEN AS WE SPEAK."
NOT AT HOME...
SHE'S GOT TO BE AT PORTER'S, SHE'S--
WHAT? SPEEDING--
HEY!
WHOK
SKRRRRR
SKKKUNK
SKREEEE!
NOWHERE TO GO, ALTSHEIM.
THE REVOLUTION'S OVER FOR YOU.
31

LISTEN... I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO YOU...
JUST WHAT YOUR PEOPLE DID TO OUR SAVIOR.
AND WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO TO OUR COUNTRY.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE... AND MEN... AND EVEN...
RRROOMM
THAT'S IT! DIVE, YOU JERKS!
ACTSHEIM! GET THE HELL IN MY CAR!
32

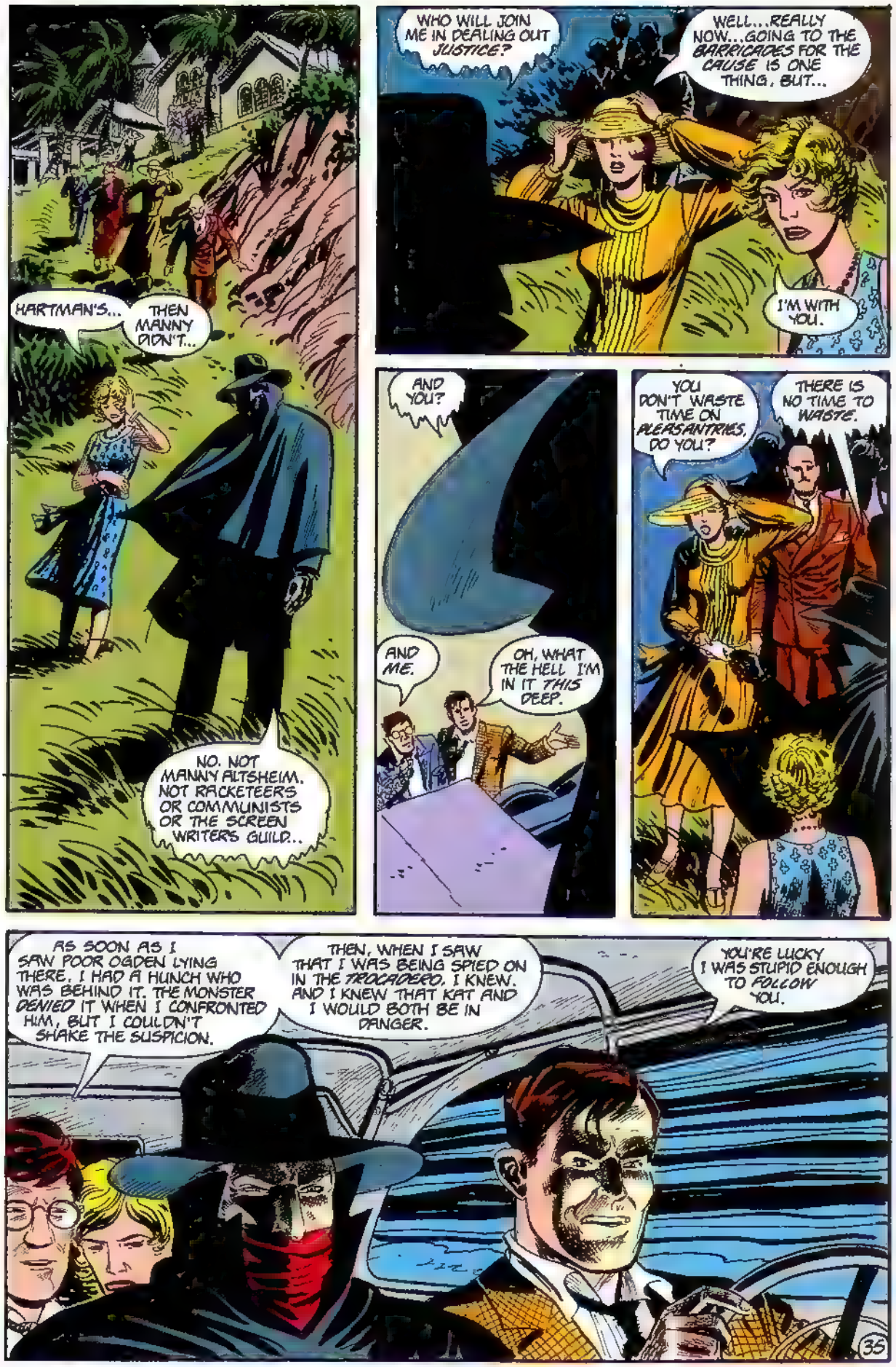
HURRY!
WHUHH!
DUCK!
>UFFS
BLAM
LOOK--
--OUT.
SHOOT THEM! NOW!

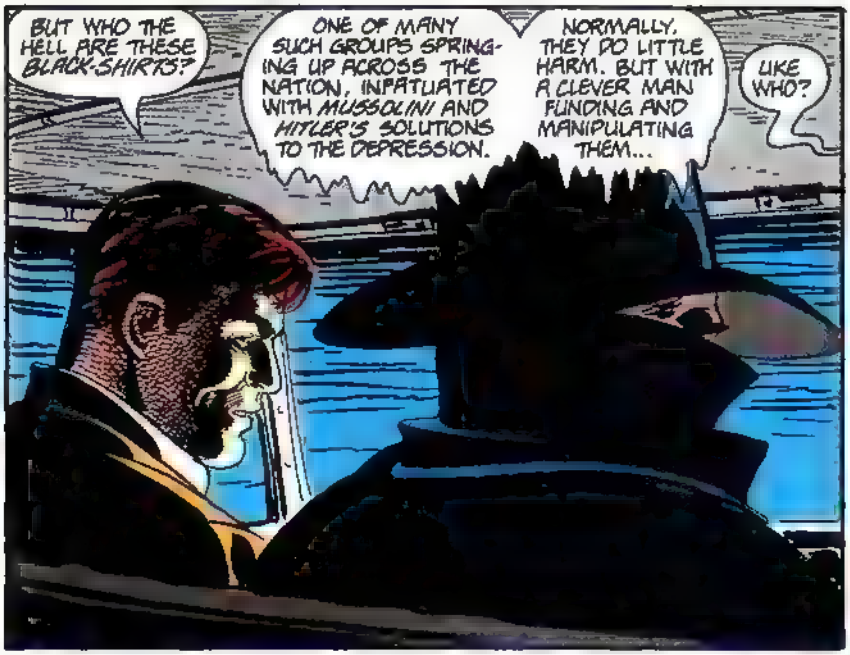
BA BA BA BA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
WHAT THE HELL?


BOOM

TANG
DANG
DANG

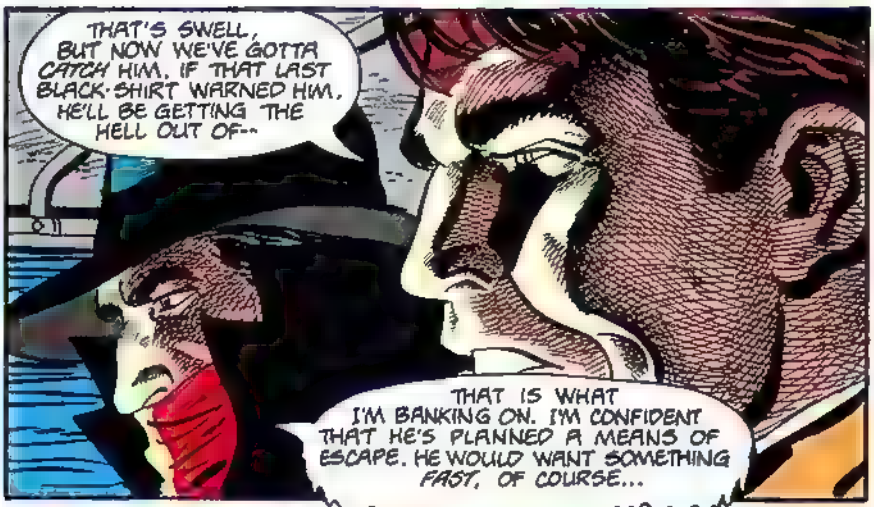
HE GOT AWAY.
YES. SO WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY TO CAPTURE HARTMAN'S MURDERER.

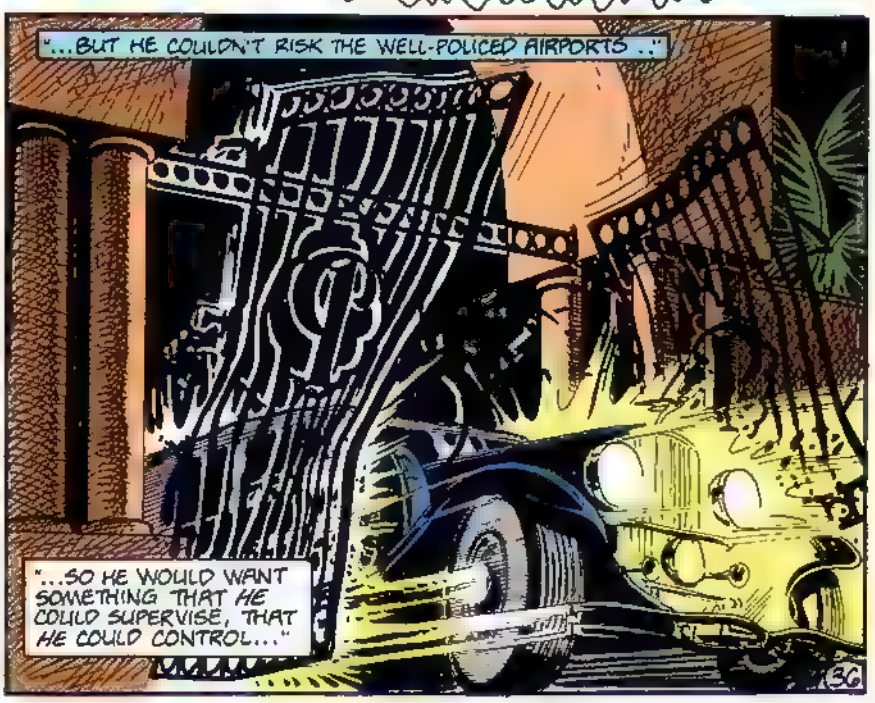

HARTMAN'S...
THEN MANNY DIDN'T...
NO. NOT MANNY ALTSHEIM. NOT RACKETEERS OR COMMUNISTS OR THE SCREEN WRITERS GUILD...
WHO WILL JOIN ME IN DEALING OUT JUSTICE?
WELL...REALLY NOW...GOING TO THE BARRICADES FOR THE CAUSE IS ONE THING, BUT...
I'M WITH YOU.
AND YOU?
AND ME.
OH, WHAT THE HELL I'M IN IT THIS DEEP.
YOU DON'T WASTE TIME ON PLEASANTRIES, DO YOU?
THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE.
AS SOON AS I SAW POOR OGDEN LYING THERE, I HAD A HUNCH WHO WAS BEHIND IT. THE MONSTER DENIED IT WHEN I CONFRONTED HIM, BUT I COULDN'T SHAKE THE SUSPICION.
THEN, WHEN I SAW THAT I WAS BEING SPIED ON IN THE TROCADERO, I KNEW. AND I KNEW THAT KAT AND I WOULD BOTH BE IN DANGER.
YOU'RE LUCKY I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO FOLLOW YOU.


BUT WHO THE HELL ARE THESE BLACK-SHIRTS?
ONE OF MANY SUCH GROUPS SPRINGING UP ACROSS THE NATION, INFATUATED WITH MUSSOLINI AND HITLER'S SOLUTIONS TO THE DEPRESSION.
NORMALLY, THEY DO LITTLE HARM. BUT WITH A CLEVER MAN FUNDING AND MANIPULATING THEM...
LIKE WHO?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? SAMSON GLOVER.
HE SAW HARTMAN AS HIS TICKET TO GLORY. THEN HARTMAN JOINED THE PEOPLE WHOM GLOVER'S EMPLOYERS HATE AND FEAR THE MOST. GLOVER FEARED IT WOULD REFLECT ON HIM...AND COST HIM EVERYTHING HE'D GAINED.

AND HE PROBABLY FELT BETRAYED BY A MAN HE'D COME TO THINK OF AS HIS CREATION.
HE FOUND A CONVENIENT GROUP OF MADMEN TO KILL FOR HIM. EVEN IF SOMEONE SAW THROUGH THE APPARENT GANGSTER-KILLING, THERE WOULD BE A SECOND FALSE TRAIL TO LEAD AWAY FROM GLOVER.

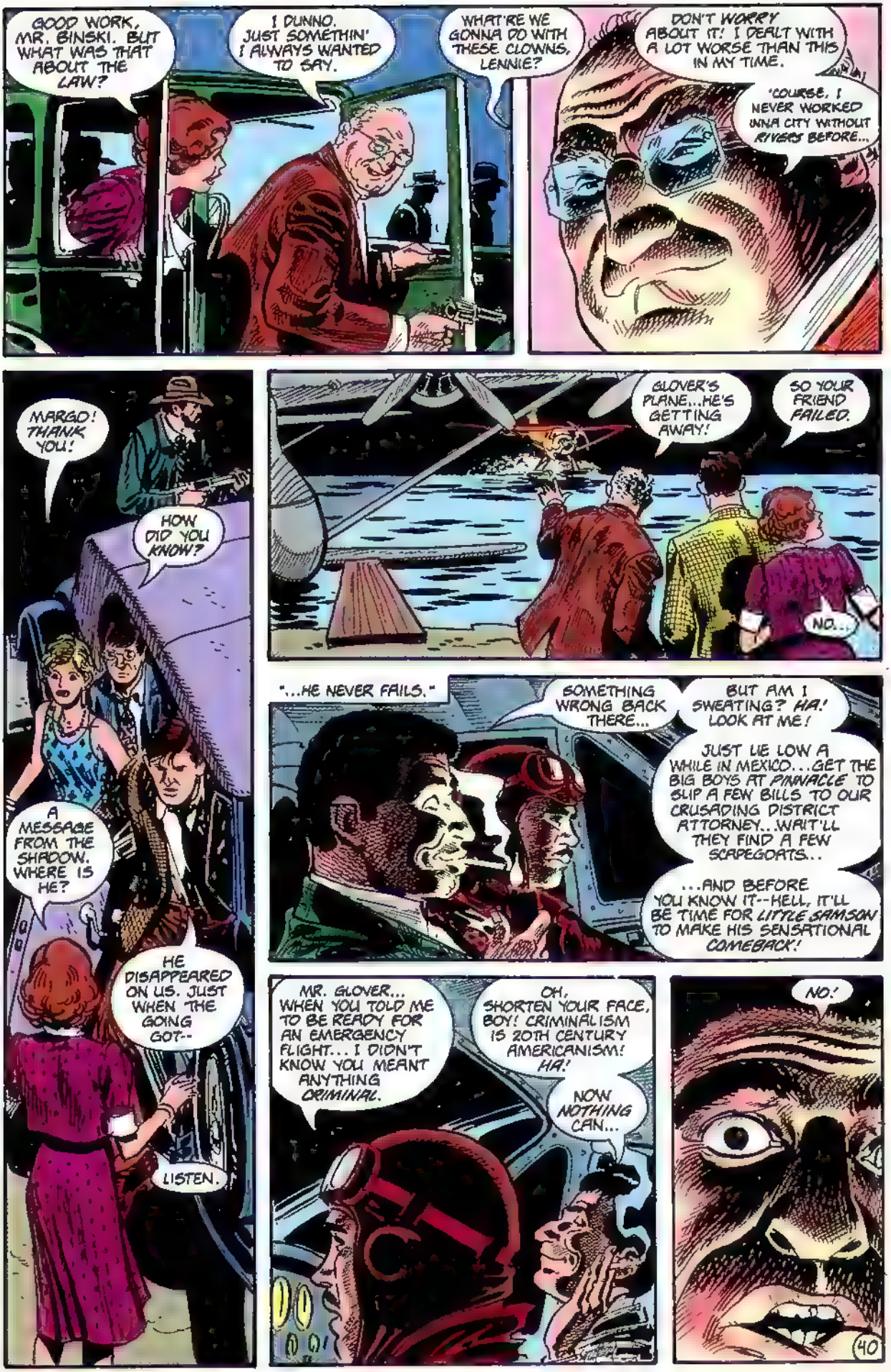

THAT'S SWELL, BUT NOW WE'VE GOTTA CATCH HIM. IF THAT LAST BLACK-SHIRT WARNED HIM, HE'LL BE GETTING THE HELL OUT OF--
THAT IS WHAT I'M BANKING ON. I'M CONFIDENT THAT HE'S PLANNED A MEANS OF ESCAPE. HE WOULD WANT SOMETHING FAST, OF COURSE...


"...BUT HE COULDN'T RISK THE WELL-POLICED AIRPORTS..."
"...SO HE WOULD WANT SOMETHING THAT HE COULD SUPERVISE, THAT HE COULD CONTROL..."

"...AND WHAT BETTER THAN THE PROPS OF HIS OWN FILM, BLUE HORIZON?"
THERE--
--THAT'S HIM!
WHAT'S HE--
CHAKKA CHAKKA CHAKKA
BLOOO
HA HA! NICE TRY!
37

BUT TOO LITTLE...
"...TOO LATE!"
MANNY, IF WE DON'T...
DON'T SAY IT, KAT. SHADOW-- WHAT DO WE DO?
SHAD--?
LISTEN!
YOU'LL HEAR IT-- THE END OF THEM!
THE WIND CARRIES THE SOUND OF GROWLING GUN BOLTS...
...OF A VOICE...
ALL RIGHT, LET'S DO IT. RIGHT--
38

...THEN OF ANOTHER SOUND...
...A RUMBLING...
KRAKROOM
NO!
WE CAN'T..
:HUHHH:
BAM
DROP YOUR GUNS! THIS IS THE LAW!
...AND FINALLY THE RAIN OF SURRENDERED WEAPONS.
39

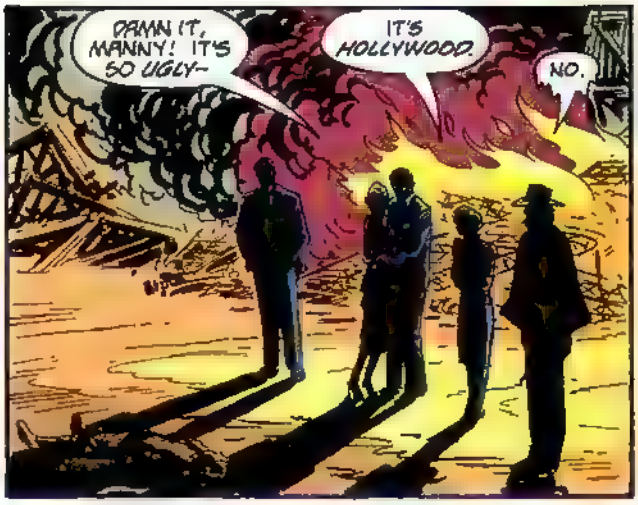

GOOD WORK, MR. BINSKI. BUT WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT THE LAW?
I DUNNO. JUST SOMETHIN' I ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY.
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH THESE CLOWNS, LENNIE?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! I DEALT WITH A LOT WORSE THAN THIS IN MY TIME.
'COURSE, I NEVER WORKED INNA CITY WITHOUT RIVERS BEFORE...
MARGO! THANK YOU!
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
A MESSAGE FROM THE SHADOW. WHERE IS HE?
HE DISAPPEARED ON US. JUST WHEN THE GOING GOT--
LISTEN.
GLOVER'S PLANE...HE'S GETTING AWAY!
SO YOUR FRIEND FAILED.
NO...
"...HE NEVER FAILS."
SOMETHING WRONG BACK THERE...
BUT AM I SWEATING? HA! LOOK AT ME!
JUST LIE LOW A WHILE IN MEXICO...GET THE BIG BOYS AT PINNACLE TO SLIP A FEW BILLS TO OUR CRUSADING DISTRICT ATTORNEY...WAIT'LL THEY FIND A FEW SCAPEGOATS...
...AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT--HELL, IT'LL BE TIME FOR LITTLE SAMSON TO MAKE HIS SENSATIONAL COMEBACK!
MR. GLOVER... WHEN YOU TOLD ME TO BE READY FOR AN EMERGENCY FLIGHT... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU MEANT ANYTHING CRIMINAL.
OH, SHORTEN YOUR FACE, BOY! CRIMINALISM IS 20TH CENTURY AMERICANISM! HA!
NOW NOTHING CAN...
NO!
40

HAHAHAHAHA
BA-BA-BA-BA-BA
IT CAN'T BE!
RRRR-CHAK-CHAK-CHAK
WE'RE GOING DOWN! I'LL TRY TO LAND US-
NO! FLY, DAMN YOU! FLY!
CHHAK-CHAK
KRUMP

SSSHAK
M-MR. GLOVER?
WHOOMP
HACK HACK!
HA! >HACK< HA HA! >HACK<
SAMSON GLOVER.

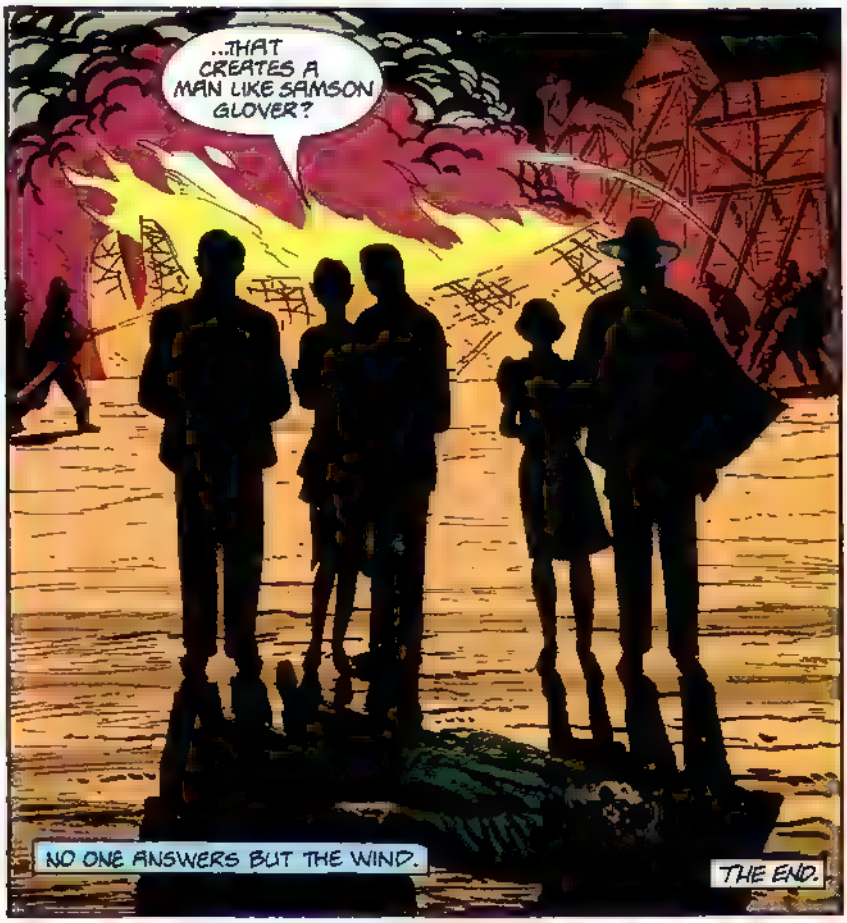
YOU ARE GUILTY OF A CRIME!
NO!
IT WASN'T A CRIME!
I HAD THE RIGHT!
BAM
AND THE WEED OF CRIME...
...BEARS...
BAM
...BITTER...
BAM
...FRUIT
43

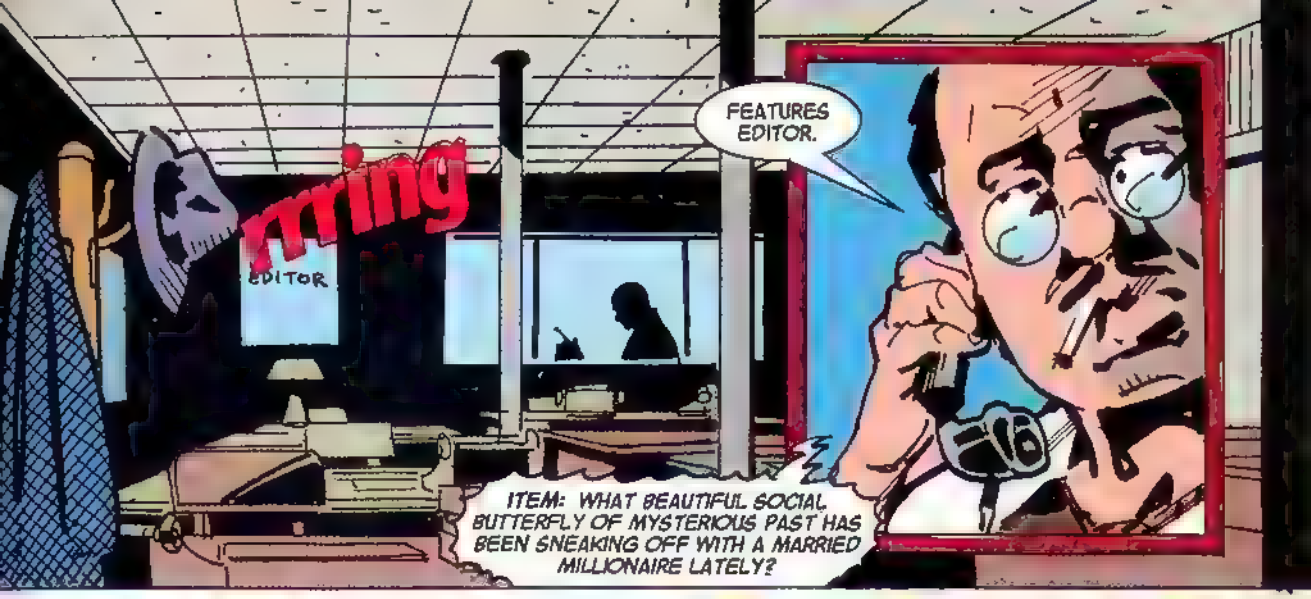
WHAT DID HE MEAN-- HE HAD THE RIGHT?
THE RIGHT TO DO WHATEVER HE WANTED WITH OGDEN...WITH ALL OF US...BECAUSE HE OWNED US. HE AND THE STUDIO AND THE OTHER PRODUCERS WHO MADE US. WHO PAID US. WHO BOUGHT US.
SO HE THOUGHT.

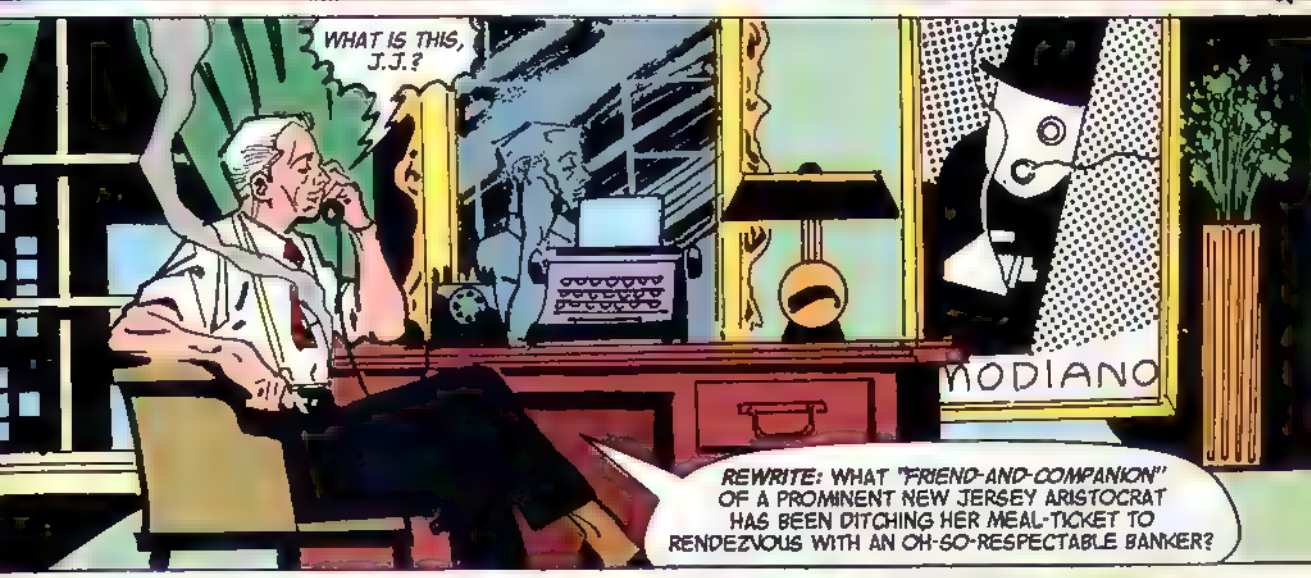

DAMN IT, MANNY! IT'S SO UGLY-
IT'S HOLLYWOOD.
NO.

HOLLYWOOD IS ONLY A COSTUME WE WEAR. WHATEVER EVIL IT FLAUNTS ARE THE EVILS WE NURSE IN THE DARKNESS OF OUR HEARTS.

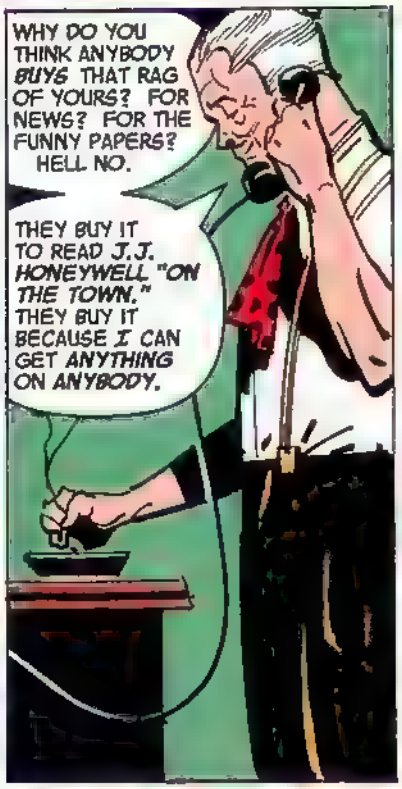
BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO A SYSTEM... WHAT HAPPENS TO A WORLD..


...THAT CREATES A MAN LIKE SAMSON GLOVER?
NO ONE ANSWERS BUT THE WIND.
THE END.


rrring
EDITOR
FEATURES EDITOR.
ITEM: WHAT BEAUTIFUL SOCIAL BUTTERFLY OF MYSTERIOUS PAST HAS BEEN SNEAKING OFF WITH A MARRIED MILLIONAIRE LATELY?

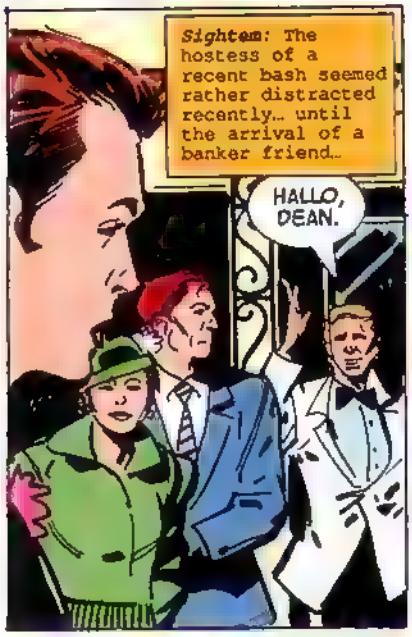

WHAT IS THIS, J.J.?
MODIANO
REWRITE: WHAT "FRIEND-AND-COMPANION" OF A PROMINENT NEW JERSEY ARISTOCRAT HAS BEEN DITCHING HER MEAL-TICKET TO RENDEZVOUS WITH AN OH-SO-RESPECTABLE BANKER?

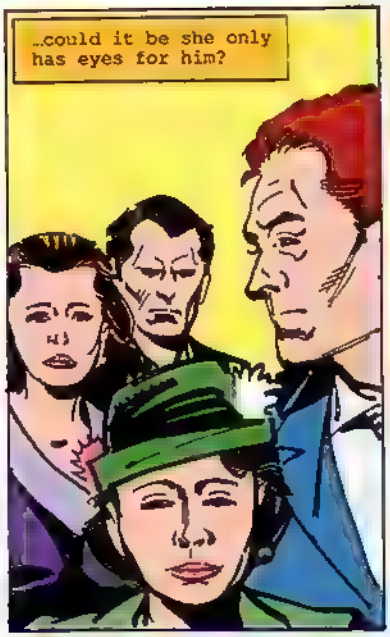
IS THIS MARGO LANE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?
YOU SAID IT, CHIEF, NOT I.
WELL, IF YOU CAN GET ANYTHING ON HER, MY FEDORA'S OFF TO YOU.
SMITH-PREMIER


WHY DO YOU THINK ANYBODY BUYS THAT RAG OF YOURS? FOR NEWS? FOR THE FUNNY PAPERS? HELL NO.
THEY BUY IT TO READ J.J. HONEYWELL "ON THE TOWN." THEY BUY IT BECAUSE I CAN GET ANYTHING ON ANYBODY.

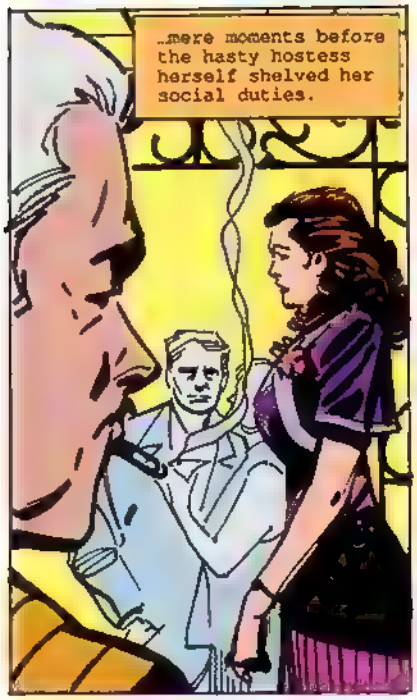
ITEM: WHAT UNIVERSALLY-FEARED GOSSIP COLUMNIST HAS WANGLED HIMSELF AN INVITATION TO LAMONT CRANSTON'S PARTY TONIGHT TO BEGIN RESEARCH ON...

"...A LITTLE MISS MYSTERY?"


Sightem: The hostess of a recent bash seemed rather distracted recently... until the arrival of a banker friend...
HALLO, DEAN.


...could it be she only has eyes for him?

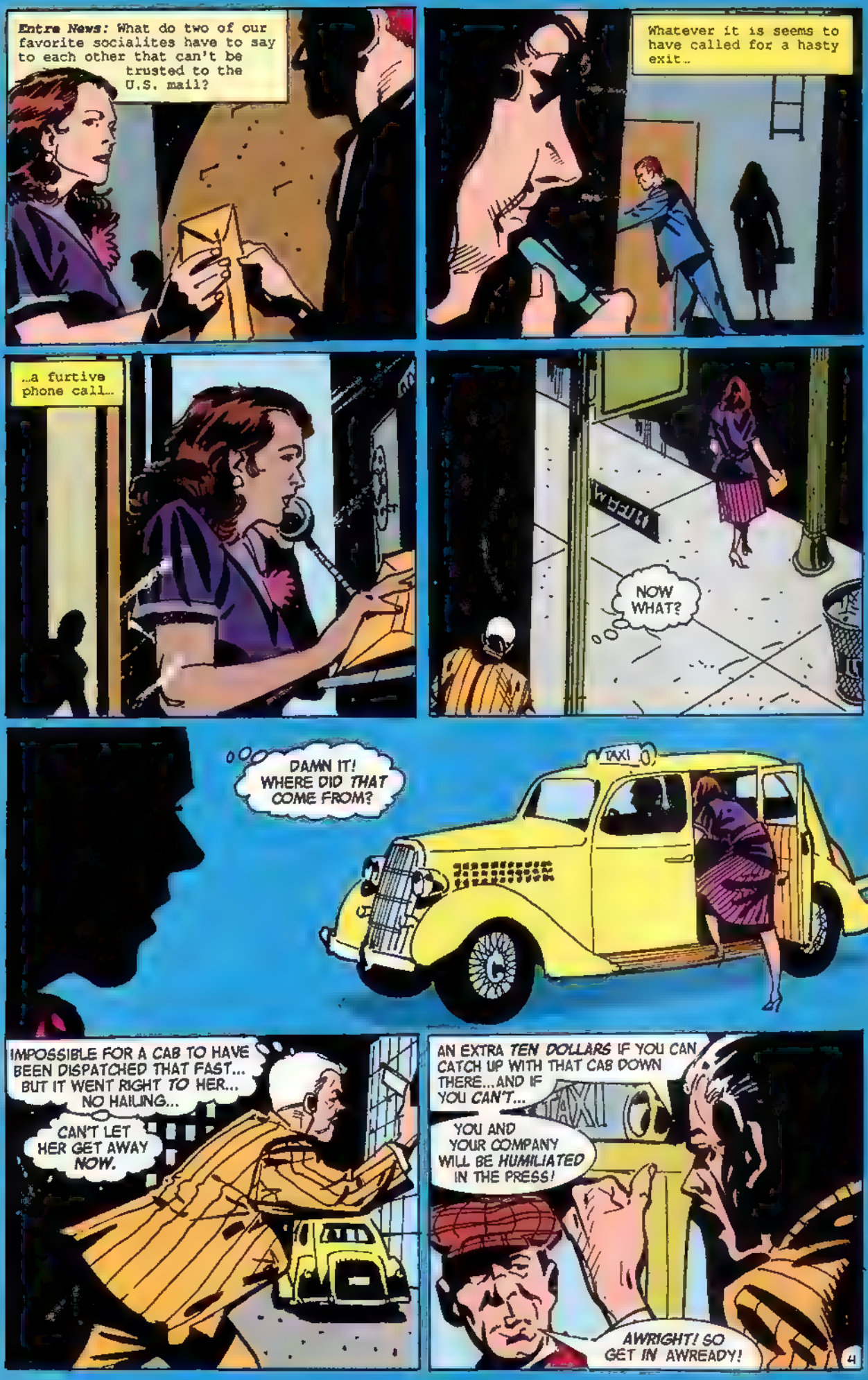
Said banker was spotted contriving a quick departure from matrimonial obligations...

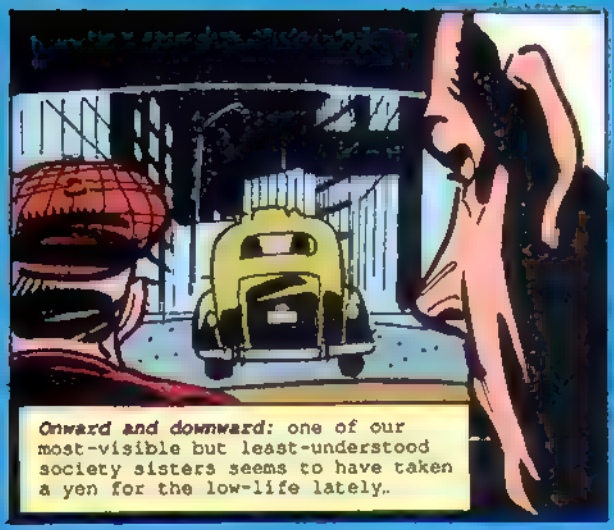

...mere moments before the hasty hostess herself shelved her social duties.

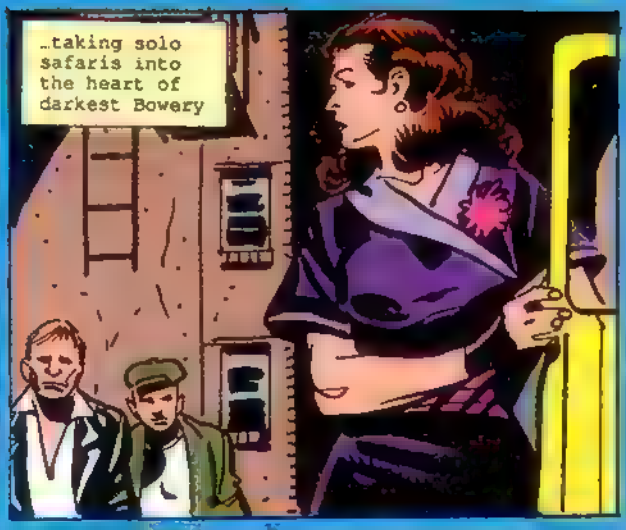
Just a question of timing?

Or should Mrs. Banker's attorneys be dusting off their files?
2

"What's a fellow to think when he sees an upstanding citizen and self- proclaimed 'family man' meeting a lovely social climber in a back alley?"
GOOD, GOOD...DOESN'T GET ANY JUICIER THAN THIS... MAYBE IF I PUT THE SCREWS TO MY OLD CHUM DEAN I CAN GET THE WHOLE SCOOP ON...
THE CANTINA
The Secret Life of Margo Lane
GERARD JONES WRITER
DAVID CODY WEISS LETTERER
LUKE MCDONNELL ARTIST
ANTHONY TOLLIN COLORIST
BRIAN AUGUSTYN EDITOR


Entre News: What do two of our favorite socialites have to say to each other that can't be trusted to the U.S. mail?
Whatever it is seems to have called for a hasty exit…
…a furtive phone call…
NOW WHAT?
DAMN IT! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
TAXI
IMPOSSIBLE FOR A CAB TO HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED THAT FAST… BUT IT WENT RIGHT TO HER… NO HAILING…
CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY NOW.
AN EXTRA TEN DOLLARS IF YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH THAT CAB DOWN THERE…AND IF YOU CAN'T…
YOU AND YOUR COMPANY WILL BE HUMILIATED IN THE PRESS!
AWRIGHT! SO GET IN AWREADY!

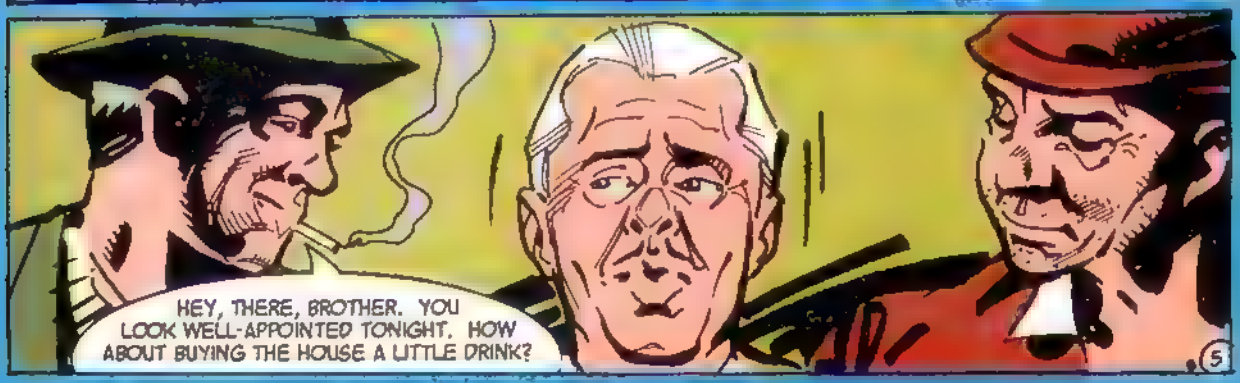

Onward and downward: one of our most-visible but least-understood society sisters seems to have taken a yen for the low-life lately..


..taking solo safaris into the heart of darkest Bowery

and frequenting fouler places than most mademoiselles would visit even on their psychoanalyst's couches
Snake eyes Tavern

HEH... DON'T MIND ME, LADS... JUST STEPPING IN FOR A MOMENT... HEH... NOT LOOKING FOR ANY TROUBLE...
Snake eyes Tavern

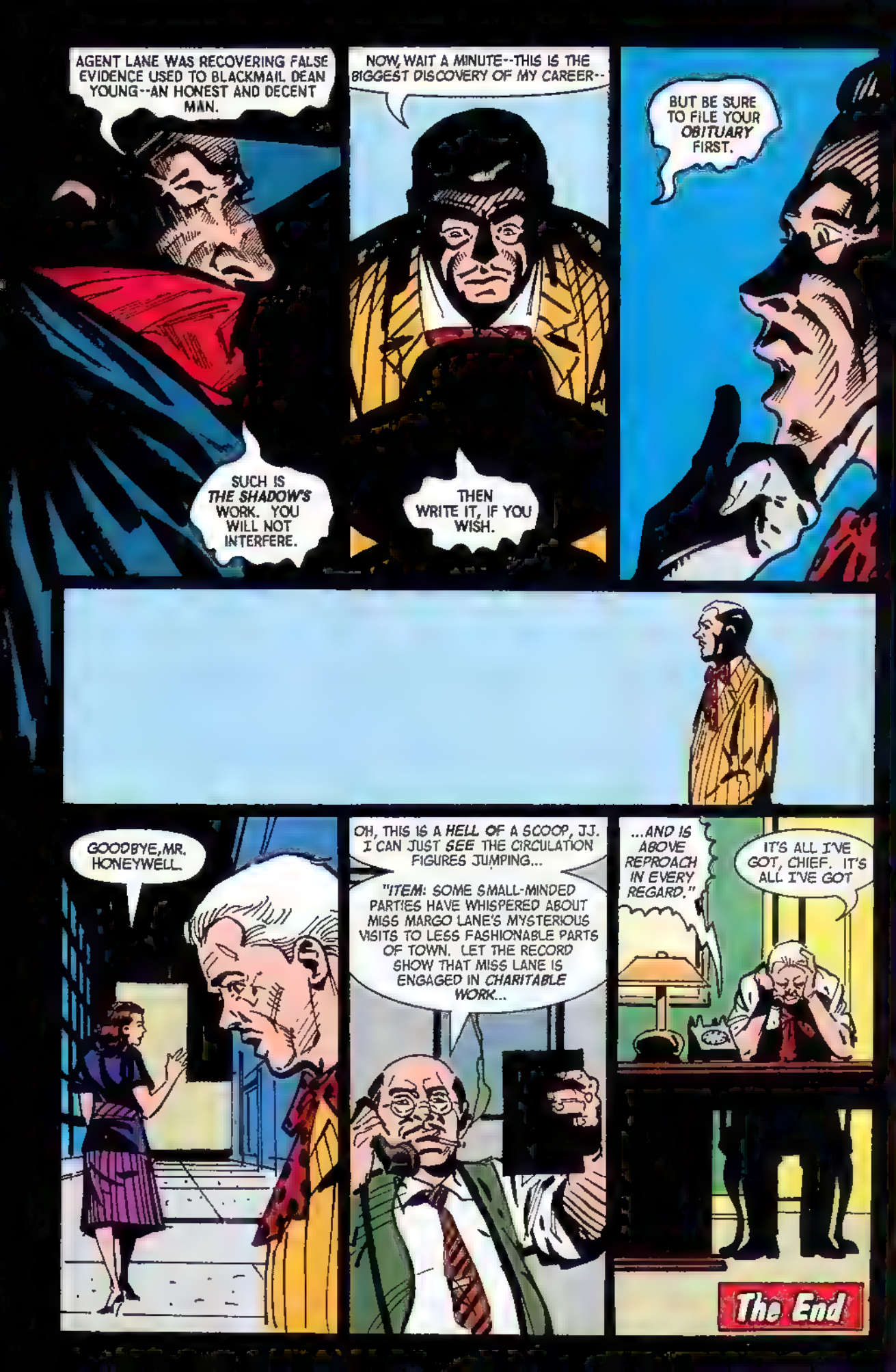
DEAR GOD, WHAT I WON'T DO FOR JOURNALISM...
WHAT CAN SHE BE *DOING* HERE? PAYING OFF BLACKMAIL? HIRING A MURDERER? OR COULD IT BE THAT SHE ORIGINALLY *CAME* FROM THIS?


HEY, THERE, BROTHER. YOU LOOK WELL-APPOINTED TONIGHT. HOW ABOUT BUYING THE HOUSE A LITTLE DRINK?

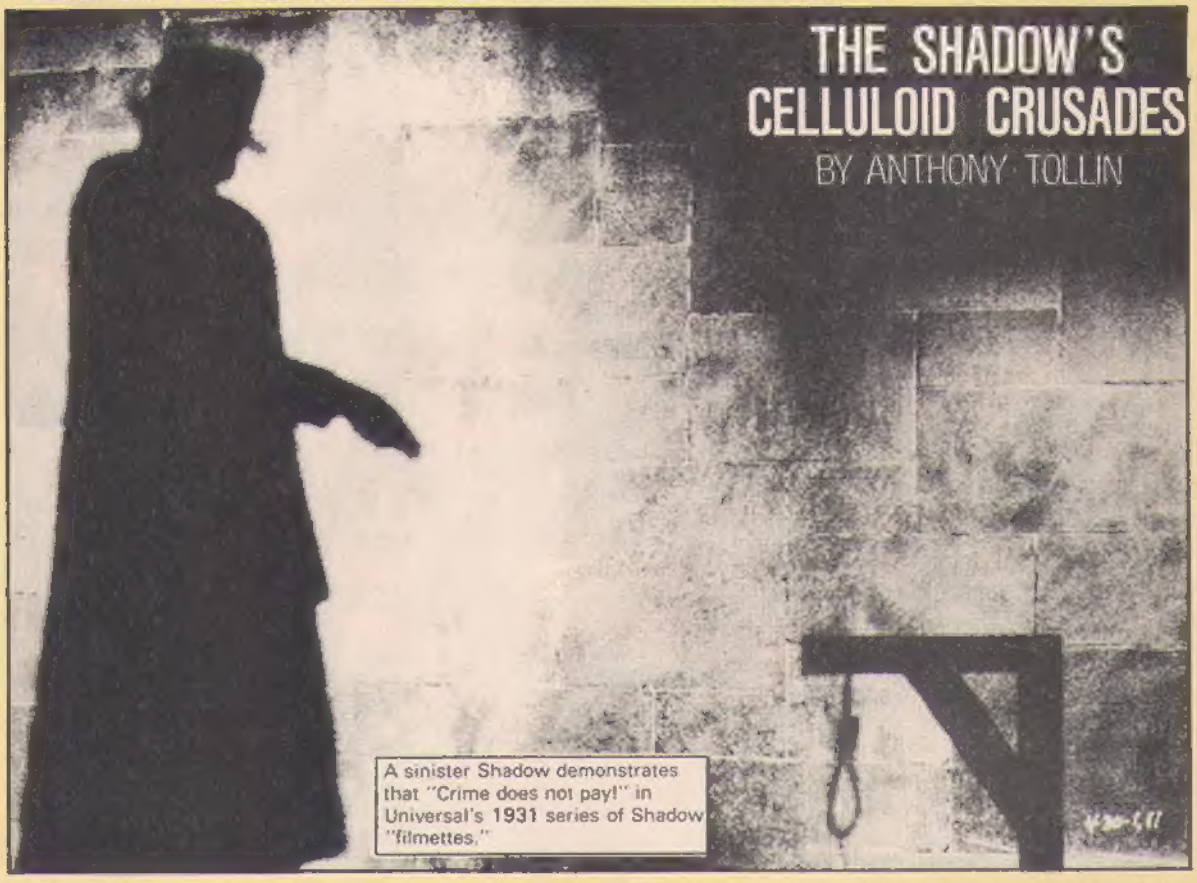
WELL, THAT CLEANED ME OUT...NOT EVEN CAB FARE...I JUST HOPE SHE STICKS TO HER FEET FROM HERE...
...THIS WILL ALL BE WORTH IT IF I CAN GET SOME ANSWERS...
PETE
Confidential... To the Park Avenue miss who's been passing sizable sums to gentlemen of leisure in the slums...
...be careful with your business dealings, lest any of us get the wrong idea.
Someone might start a rumor that you've lied your way from the wrong side of the tracks to the right side of Central Park...
...that perhaps you have some things in your past that you'd like hidden...
...and we'd hate for them to think that, wouldn't we?
OHO! A NEW POSSIBILITY! A GENTLEMAN WHO OBVIOUSLY LIVES BY SELLING FORBIDDEN GOODS...
DO WE HAVE A LITTLE HABIT TO SUPPORT, MISS MARGO LANE?

DOES THAT EXPLAIN YOUR PERIODIC DISAPPEARANCES FROM THE WORLD?

ALL RIGHT, MISS LANE. I KNOW A JUICY LEAD-ITEM WHEN I SEE ONE. BUT I NEED A LITTLE BACKGROUND ON THIS.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE--
DON'T TAKE ME FOR A FOOL! I CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE HELL IF YOU DON'T PLAY ALONG. NOW, WHAT'S GOING ON, MISS LANE?
MISS LANE?
LEAVE MY PEOPLE ALONE.


AGENT LANE WAS RECOVERING FALSE EVIDENCE USED TO BLACKMAIL DEAN YOUNG--AN HONEST AND DECENT MAN.
SUCH IS THE SHADOW'S WORK. YOU WILL NOT INTERFERE.
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE--THIS IS THE BIGGEST DISCOVERY OF MY CAREER--
THEN WRITE IT, IF YOU WISH.
BUT BE SURE TO FILE YOUR OBITUARY FIRST.
GOODBYE, MR. HONEYWELL.
OH, THIS IS A HELL OF A SCOOP, JJ. I CAN JUST SEE THE CIRCULATION FIGURES JUMPING...
"ITEM: SOME SMALL-MINDED PARTIES HAVE WHISPERED ABOUT MISS MARGO LANE'S MYSTERIOUS VISITS TO LESS FASHIONABLE PARTS OF TOWN. LET THE RECORD SHOW THAT MISS LANE IS ENGAGED IN CHARITABLE WORK...
...AND IS ABOVE REPROACH IN EVERY REGARD."
IT'S ALL I'VE GOT, CHIEF. IT'S ALL I'VE GOT
The End

SHADOWS OVER HOLLYWOOD



THE SHADOW'S CELLULOID CRUSADES

BY ANTHONY TOLLIN

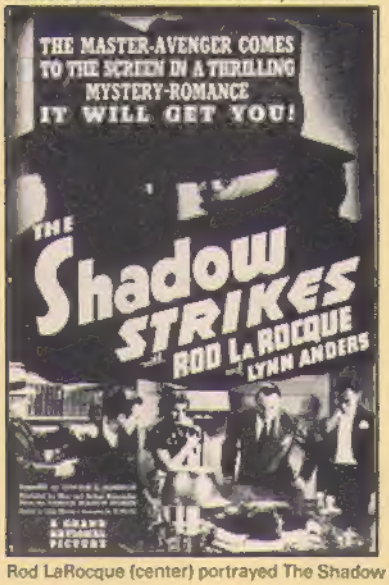
A sinister Shadow demonstrates that "Crime does not pay!" in Universal's 1931 series of Shadow "filmettes."

The Shadow's adventures in Hollywood began years before the events chronicled in "Crimson Dreams," this issue's lead story. Unfortunately, the bright lights of the silver screen all too often created a *pale* reflection of the great crimefighter—a mere *shadow*, if you will, of the classic adventurer created by Walter Gibson.

The Shadow made his motion picture debut in the summer of 1931, just weeks after the premiere of his magazine adventures and a short year since his mocking laughter first burst forth over the radio airwaves.

Burglar to the Rescue was the first of six "two-reelers" adapted from "Street & Smith's Detective Story Hour," the CBS radio drama that had introduced The Shadow to the public. Appearing as a sinister silhouette, The Shadow served only as a narrator, introducing unrelated mysteries and proclaiming that "Crime does not pay... The Shadow knows!" In the months that followed, The Shadow introduced five additional "filmettes": *Trapped, Sealed Lips, House of Mystery, The Red Scare* and *The Circus Show-up*. Nearly a decade would pass before The Shadow would reach the screen in a form that fans of Walter Gibson's pulp creation could easily recognize.

In 1937, The Shadow returned to the silver screen in his first feature film. *The Shadow Strikes* was intended as a comeback vehicle for Rod LaRocque, a former matinee idol from the silent film era. Clumsily adapted from "Ghost of

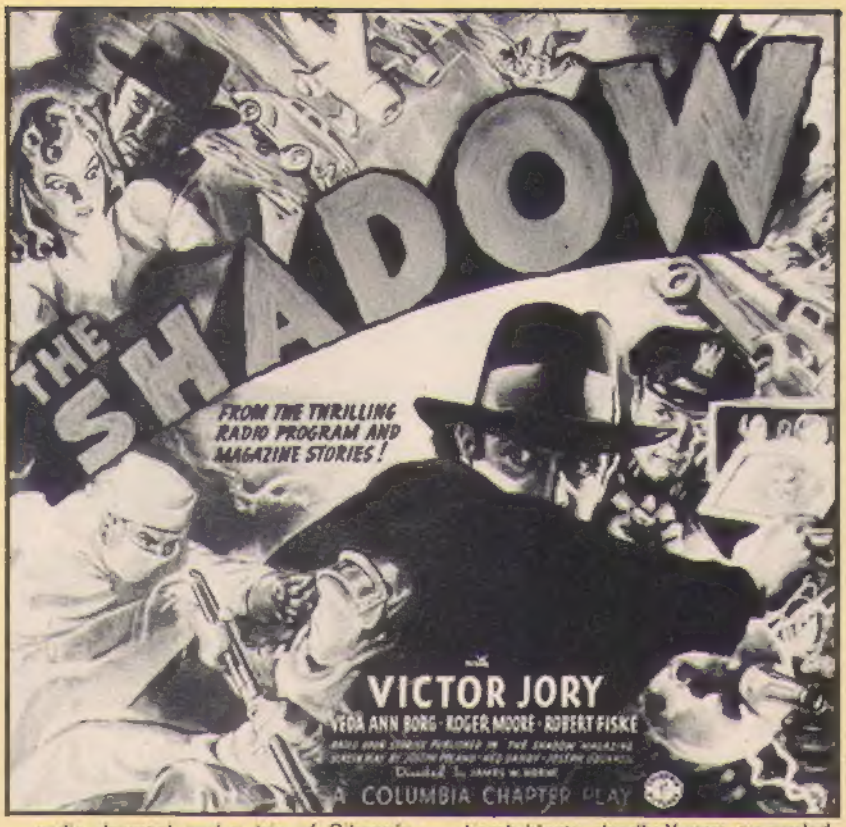


Rod LaRocque (center) portrayed The Shadow in two Grand National films.

the Manor," one of Gibson's 1933 pulp novels, the film followed the famous crimefighter (misidentified as Lamont Granston) as he unsuccessfully searched for his father's murderer. Walter Gibson's intricate plotline proved *too* complex for the film's sixty-two-minute running time and Rod LaRocque regrettably spent most of his screen scenes impersonating a missing attorney, allowing little time for action as The Shadow. The film's slow-moving storyline led one early critic to review *The Shadow Strikes* with a terse, four-word review: "The Shadow strikes out."

Rod LaRocque returned to the screen the following year in *International Crime*, adapted from Theodore Tinsley's 1937 novel "Foxhound." The Grand National film featured Thomas Jackson as Commissioner Weston, Lou Hearn as the comical cabby Moe Shrevnitz and William Moore as reporter Clyde Burke. Unfortunately, The Shadow was nowhere to be seen in this second feature film outing. Lamont Cranston was portrayed as a newspaper crime columnist and radio personality who waged a one-man crusade against pre-war fifth columnists, despite the continual interference of his scatterbrained assistant, Phoebe (not Margo) Lane.

The Shadow returned in 1940 in a fifteen-chapter serial that starred Victor Jory, the best of the cinema Shadows and the only actor to possess the appropriate hawk-nosed visage favored by fans of the pulp adventures. Veda Ann Borg co-starred as "the lovely Margo Lane," with Roger Moore (*not* the future 007) as Harry Vincent, Frank LaRue as Commissioner Weston, and Edward Peil, Sr. as Inspector Cardona. The Columbia chapterplay was inspired by "Prelude to Terror" (one of the better radio dramas) and a trio of Gibson's Shadow novels, "The Green Hoods," "Silver Skull," and "The Lone Tiger." The serial Shadow battled the minions of The Black Tiger, a criminal mastermind who had appropriated the radio Cranston's powers of invisibility.

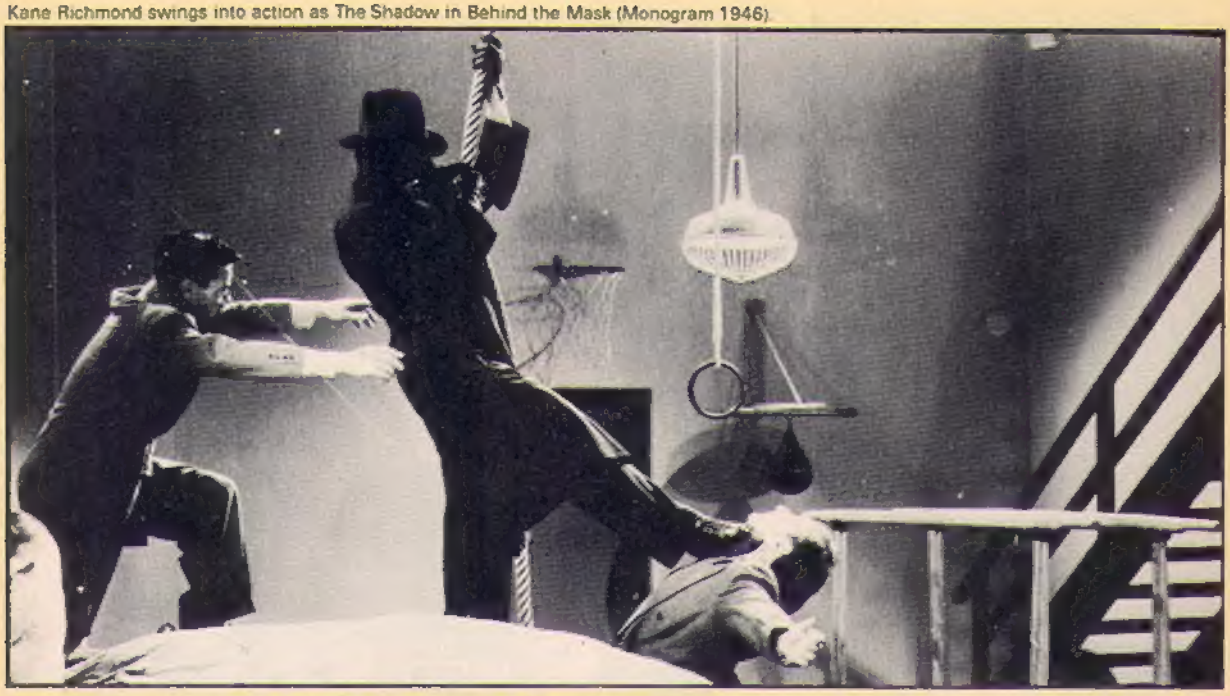

THE SHADOW
FROM THE THRILLING RADIO PROGRAM AND MAGAZINE STORIES!
with
VICTOR JORY
VEDA ANN BORG · ROGER MOORE · ROBERT FISKE
A COLUMBIA CHAPTER PLAY

Railroads were dynamited, airplanes destroyed and factories wrecked as The Black Tiger declared war on the members of New York's exclusive Cobalt Club. After narrowly escaping bomb blasts, deadly X-rays, an exploding boiler and all too numerous collapsing ceilings, The Shadow at long last invaded his arch-enemy's hidden headquarters and The Black Tiger was electrocuted as he fell backward into one of his own murderous devices.

Kane Richmond, a former serial king, had already starred as *Spy Smasher* and *Brick Bradford* when he donned mask, cloak and slouch hat to portray the Dark Avenger in a trio of enjoyable B-Films

Veda Ann Borg (as Margo) is menaced by serial villain Jack Ingram as Victor Jory materializes as The Shadow (Columbia 1940).

Kane Richmond swings into action as The Shadow in Behind the Mask (Monogram 1946).



for Monogram Pictures in 1946. The Monogram trilogy featured Barbara Reed as Margo and Pierre Watkin as Commissioner Weston, with a succession of actors providing comedy relief as Shrevvie and Inspector Cardona. Kane Richmond's Lamont Cranston is identified as Weston's nephew in the Monogram series, an amateur criminologist who proves a constant annoyance to the blustery Joe Cardona.

In *The Shadow Returns,* Cranston uncovers gems containing secret formulas while investigating a grave robbery and a series of supposed suicides.

When a crooked newspaper publisher frames The Shadow, Cranston and Margo are forced to postpone their wedding and search for the real murderer in *Behind the Mask.* The Shadow's sinister doppelganger is played by Robert Shayne (who would soon reform as Inspector Henderson on television's *The Adventures of Superman*). As if two Shadows weren't enough for one film, Barbara Reed adds to the confusion as Margo dons The Shadow's garb in the film's funniest sequence.

The Missing Lady, an ancient jade statuette, leads Lamont into the deepest reaches of the underworld to find the solution to three vicious murders in the final entry in Monogram's Shadow series.

Richard Derr starred as Lamont Cranston in *Bourbon Street Shadows,* a Republic feature also released as *Invisible Avenger.* Having learned the ancient secrets of invisibility from the mystic Jogendra, Lamont Cranston travels to New Orleans to investigate the murder of a jazz musician and uncovers a plot to assassinate a Central American politician. Director James Wong Howe's background as a top cinematographer resulted in some interesting special effects as Cranston's invisible alter-ego emerged as a real "Living Shadow." The 1958 feature was actually compiled from an unsold television pilot with material from a second unfinished episode (directed by John Sledge) clumsily inserted to pad the theatrical version to its seventy-minute running time.

Today, it appears that The Shadow may soon return to the silver screen after an absence of more than three decades. A new Shadow screenplay has been written by Howard Franklin for producer Martin Bregman and Universal, the same studio that introduced The Shadow to movie audiences more than half a century ago.

Commissioner Weston (Pierre Watkin) observes an argument between Cardona (Joseph Crehan) and Lamont Cranston (Kane Richmond) as Shrevvie (George Chandler in center) and Margo (Barbara Reed) look on in Behind the Mask.

The mystic Jogendra (Mark Daniels) teaches Lamont Cranston (Richard Derr) the hypnotic secrets of the East that will allow Cranston to become an Invisible Avenger in Bourbon Street Shadows (Republic 1958).

GREEN LANTERN
"EMERALD DAWN"™
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